LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
Chap. Z250 Copyright No.
Shelf. C55
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
JUN 10 1889
16748
WASHINGTON.

ROY BERRY

600 Inches $7.50

CHICAGO STEREOTYPE WORKS

MANUFACTURERS OF

READY-SET NEWS PLATES

CONGRESSIONAL AND MARKET REPORTS DAILY.

MISCELLANY AND SERIAL STORIES,

MATRICES, Etc., Etc.

83 & 87 FIFTH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

Serial Stories.

We will furnish to publishers, who use plates, proofs of any of the following serials on application.

Publishers who order plates of one or more stories will have their names placed on our regular mailing list.

	Inches.	Price.
FULL FACE BREVIER—SOLID.		
The Half-Caste,	400	$ 5.00
A Tragedy,	400	5.00
Grace Lilburne's Secret,	400	5.00
A Phantom Bride,	600	7.50
Love For a Day,	600	7.50
The Great Hesper,	600	7.50
Erica's Sacrifice,	800	10 00
Serials "A," (Seven Stories),	800	10.00
Serials "B," (Eight Stories),	800	10 00
Through Danger, et al., (3 stories).	800	10.00
Bonnie Doon, et al., (3 stories).	800	10 00
Serials "D," (7 stories)	800	10.00
Serials "E," (5 stories)	800	10. 0
Serials "I," (6 stories)	800	10.00
Serials "K," (7 stories)	800	10.00
A Maid Forlorn and A Passive Crime,	800	10.00
The Haunted Chamber	800	10.00
Serials "J," (5 stories)	800	10.00
Miss Gascoigne,	800	10.00
Bertha Dalton's Triumph,	1200	15 00
Eyre's Acquittal,	1200	15.00
Called Back	1200	15.00
The Octoroon,	1400	17.50
Mona Scully,	1600	20 00
Shattered Lives,	1600	20 00
Madcap,	1600	20.00
Accused.	1600	20.00
Love or Money,	1600	20.00
Not Proven,	2000	25.00
FULL FACE BREVIER—LEADED.		
Snapdragon, etc., (3 stories)	400	$ 5.00
The Widow's Lodger,	800	10 00
Backwood's Life,	800	10.00
Matt,	800	10.00
LIGHT FACE BREVIER—SOLID.		
Last of the Nugents.	400	$ 5 00
Love Conquers,	600	7.50
The Gipsy's Curse,	700	8.75
Pride, Passion and Cupidity,	700	8.75
Pride's Conflict,	1000	12.50
A Double Treachery,	1000	12.50
Vida Carolan,	1200	15.00
My Marriage,	1800	22.50
LIGHT FACE BREVIER—LEADED.		
Sibyl's Mistake,	700	$ 8.75
Hugh Kenrick's Will,	800	10.00
Orange Blossoms, et al., (3 stories).	800	10.00
Pioneer Life in the Northwest,	1200	15 00
Condemned,	1200	15.00
MINION—LEADED.		
Chi Lung,	400	$ 5.00
Carriston's Gift,	400	5.00
Serials "C."	400	5.00
A Maiden Fair,	400	5.00
A Winter Night	400	5.00
Her Rival's Valentine,	600	7 50
Roy Berry, (Illustrated,)	600	7.50
A Dangerous Game	800	10.00
The Finger End, etc., (four stories)	800	10.00
Dark Days	800	10.00
Serials "F," (Eight Stories)	800	10.00
Serials "H," (Seven Stories)	800	10.00
Of Many Moods.	800	10.00
Serials "G,"	800	10.00
Serials "L," (Eight Stories)	800	10.00
The Peril of Richard Pardon,	800	10.00
Paul Jones' Alias, etc., (2 stories)	1000	12.50
The Red Flag	1200	15.00
Love's Victory,	1200	15.00
The Master of the Mine,	1200	15.00
King Solomon's Mines, (Illustrated)	1200	15.00
Treasure Island, (Illustrated)	1200	15.00
Waverland, (Illustrated)	1200	15.00
A Queer Race,	1200	15.00
Mr. Meeson's Will,	1200	15.00
She, (Illustrated)	1600	20.00
Monica,	1600	20.00
Allan Quartermain, (Illustrated)	1600	20.00
Valerie: or A Half Truth,	1600	20.00
Mona's Choice, (Illustrated)	1600	20.00
Winnie's Triumph, (Illustrated)	1600	20.00
A Family Affair	1700	21.25
The Evil Genius,	1800	22.50
A Two Years' Vacation, (Illustrated)	1800	22.50
MINION—SOLID.		
Cupid's Net,	400	$ 5.00

.C55

ROY BERRY;

OR,

THE FRUITS OF INTEMPERANCE.

BY GEO. W. WOOLSEY.

[*Copyright*, 1889, *by the Author.*]

CHAPTER I.—THE REVELATION.

"No, mother, I cannot bear to have him go. We have never been separated for a single week, and now to think of his going away for so long a time is more than I can ever endure."

"Ola, my dear daughter, we cannot always foresee the trials we may be called to pass through," said Mrs. Berry, "and I presume it is best that we do not."

"Mother, I wish it were possible for me to possess a more submissive disposition, and like you, always look upon the bright side of everything instead of continually meeting troubles before they come in sight."

"Too often we mistake the shadow for the substance and court sorrows rather than pleasures that may be within our reach."

"That, I admit, is very true; but why Roy must leave us alone is more than I can comprehend or willingly submit to."

"Roy has long since determined to leave the distillery, and although I am grieved to have him go away from home, I feel that it is a duty I owe him not to object, since in his present position there are temptations to which the bravest and strongest may yield."

"But there is no necessity for Roy becoming so impatient and leaving now just because there has been some words between him and Mr. Hines, and I do believe it is all on account of Hettie," and Ola tossed her head rather sarcastically as a jealous smile crept over her hitherto tear-stained face.

"Do not misconstrue your brother's intentions, for it is not for that alone that he has decided to go away, but that may have hastened his departure."

"That may be your opinion," said Ola, "but I believe Hettie is the sole cause of it."

"My daughter, I plead with you not to unjustly lay the blame to Hettie, nor feel a harshness toward Roy for his fondness for her."

"I hope that I may not; but while I have the greatest respect for Hettie, I think there are other girls just as amiable that Roy can go with."

"Hettie is a noble girl, and Roy has learned to love her for her kindly disposition and winning manners. She is not of her father's stern, unrelenting nature, but like her mother, gentle and kind, delighting more in ministering to the wants of the poor and helpless, than to revel in the society of those with whom wealth would naturally place her."

The above conversation took place in the humble home of Mrs. Berry, who, with her two children, Roy and Ola, lived within a quarter of a mile of the large distillery of Thomas Hines, in the mountainous region of Southern Kentucky. Her husband had been a soldier in the war of the rebellion and was mortally wounded in the battle of Mill Springs, in January, 1862.

"Ola, my dear daughter."

Roy was five and his sister three years of age when their father enlisted.

Their mother owned a small tract of land and a comfortable little cottage in which they lived quite cosily.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Berry found it a hard struggle to maintain herself and children, and within a few years she became completely broken down in health, and, when Roy was offered a situation in Mr. Hines' distillery she consented to his acceptance, as that seemed to be the last resort.

When Roy entered the distillery as an employe he was sixteen years old and received a good salary for an unskilled laboring boy. From this income the family lived quite comfortably, besides paying off a mortgage which necessity had compelled them to place on their home.

Ola continued to attend the district school, and was a most excellent scholar for one of her age and advantages.

Thomas Hines was a very wealthy man, having been a successful slave trader before the war. After that channel for money-making was cut off by the abolition of slavery, he engaged extensively in the manufacture and sale of whisky and brandy in that part of Kentucky where a man can distill and sell liquors six days in the week and on the seventh go into the pulpit of the country church and successfully deceive the people by pretending to act the part of a true, devout Christian leader.

His wife was the daughter of a good old-time circuit rider who was in all particulars a model man. To them were born two sons, George and Harry, and one daughter, Hettie.

Mr. Hines was looked upon as an indispensible citizen because of his wealth and from the fact that he gave employment to a large number of poor men, for whom that part of Kentucky has always been famous.

George and Harry were bright, intelligent boys, whose only cares were to attend to odd jobs about the distillery and some light farm work when they felt disposed to do so. But the greater part of the time they were allowed to idle away their time with indolent companions.

Hettie was more studious and industrious than her brothers, and attended the country school regularly until she had obtained a good common school education. Her kind, Christian-like disposition won to her the friendship of all who knew her.

Roy had been her almost constant companion all through their childhood and school days, and when he commenced work in the distillery they were together a great deal and as time passed away their friendship ripened into love, and love led to courtship and an early engagement.

Mr. Hines was so engrossed in his business affairs that he scarcely ever thought of anything connected with his family relations with anyone else, and if he did the idea had never been entertained that Hettie was in love, although she was a young lady who might have numbered her lovers by the scores. Then, we can easily comprehend how the truth was kept from him, but by no means intentionally, as it was also not known by their most intimate friends.

Roy and Hettie were yet too young to think of an immediate marriage, and while they did not particularly care who knew of their engagement they thought it the part of wisdom to keep it to themselves.

Thus the weeks and months passed without a ripple to disturb their quiet and serene love affairs, until one day an old negro servant, known by everybody in the neighborhood and surrounding country as Uncle Mose, and who had always lived with the Hines family, came into the distillery office where Mr. Hines was busily engaged with his accounts, being at the time intent upon a badly mixed page of a meanly kept ledger.

Uncle Mose had been chattering away for sometime when he suddenly arrested Hines' attention, and, turning to find Mose there, as he supposed, disturbing him for some insignificant matter, half indignantly said—

"Mose, what in thunder and lightning are you talking about? Will you never get tired of bothering me when I am busy?"

"Nothin', Massa Hines."

"Well, I thought there was nothing unless a lunatic had been turned loose to roam at large and by accident stumbled into the office."

"Beg pardon, 'deed I do, Massa Hines!"

"Is that what you came in here for?"

"Massa Hines, Ize gwine ter tell yer somethin' 'bout what massa gwine ter laugh an' be berry glad, maybe, an' maybe he'll be arter sayin' go 'way, Mose, an' don't be tellin' lies, but now you gest look here, Massa Hines, this her' cull'd gen'man's not gwine 'bout heah tellin' ov lies, fur haint the good book dun tole ov a dreffful hot place fixed up fur cull'd folks who tells things not zactly true an 'this here one is not the chile to be after gettin' inter sich places."

"Well, well, Mose, what's happened? Has some one been killed or what in the name of common sense is the matter with you—are you crazy?"

"Nothin' zackly like 'the name of common sense' has happened so fur as I knows ov, an' nobody's bin kill'd so fur's I've hern ov, nether."

"Be gone then, Mose, and don't be keeping me away from my work with your foolishness."

"Beg pardon agin, 'deed I do, Massa Hines; but I was gwine ter tell yer how nearly everybody is a sayin' as how Miss Hettie and Massa Roy Berry am gwine ter git married; least wise that's the talk."

"Mose, you black scamp, what are you talking about? Do you mean to insult me? Do you think my daughter would ever think of marrying a pauper?"

Mose was greatly astonished at Mr. Hines' sudden and unexpected anger and he stood there like one in a dream, looking for some safe place for retreat.

While Roy and Hettie had kept their engagement a profound secret there were those in the neighborhood who had rightly guessed at the truth and the affair had been talked about on the sly as the gossipers were pleased to call it.

Mr. Hines' passion knew no bounds; for he was unaware of any such talk in the family or neighborhood, and he demanded of Uncle Mose an explanation, and thus resumed the conversation:

"Mose, where did you get this stuff you have been telling me?"

"Misses Baker, who lives over yander by the crick, tole Malinda Hall that Sallie Peck tole Misses Brown that Misses Smith said her darter Betty heard Aunt Tabby Perkins' darter Ann tell Prudy Lay that Nancy Jones was over to Aunt Polly Nelson's to a quiltin' tother day an' all the winimen were talkin' 'bout it."

Mr. Hines smiled and asked—

"Anybody else?"

"Yes, 'deed there is. Yisterday when I wus down ter ole Crow's water mill gittin' a turn of corn groun', Jim Jinkens was thare, an' says he: 'Mose, I hear yer gwine ter have a big weddin' up ter your house.'

"'Go 'way,' says I; 'no one up ter my house but me an' Dorcas, an' we've been married well nigh on ter fo'ty years already, an' do you think we're gwine to marry agin?'

"'Yes,' says he, 'but it is Roy Berry an' Miss Hettie, sure 'nough.'

"'Well,' says I, 'an' a good match it is gwine ter be, fur that Roy Berry is berry much ov a gem'en, 'deed he is.'"

"A good match indeed, you vulgar, black scamp! Leave me at once, and don't let me hear any more of your nonsense."

Mr. Hines turned to his desk and closed his books.

His mind was wandering. Can it be that what Mose tells me is true? Is it possible that I have sheltered that boy from the cold charity of the world for all these years to bring at last upon myself and family an irreparable disgrace? No! I swear my daughter shall never marry a pauper! I will discharge him at once. He shall never put his foot on my premises again.

He left the office in a rage, and slammed the door after him.

When once in the pure air he became more passive, and by the time he had reached that part of the building where Roy was at work his temper had given place for better judgment, and when he approached him it was in a gentlemanly manner, and one would never have mistrusted that he so short a time before had been in such a frame of mind.

"Roy, will you please accompany me to my office?" said he.

"I am at your service, sir."

They walked together across the lot to Mr. Hines' private office and entered.

The employer and the employe were seated and the conversation was opened by the former, who said:

"Leave me at once!"

"Roy, you have been with me a long time and I have never until now found any cause for complaint against you."

"And what have you to accuse me of now? Nothing wrong, I know, unless someone has been meddling and misrepresented me, and if so I shall be able and willing to clear myself of anything intentionally wrong."

Roy was greatly excited and might have said more had he not been interrupted by Mr. Hines, who continued—

"Roy, it is this: I have been informed that you are thinking of marrying my daughter."

Roy was too greatly surprised to utter a word in reply, but sat there with bowed head like a guilty criminal before a cruel and unrelenting judge.

"What have you to say—is it true?"

At length, slowly raising his eyes and looking Mr. Hines squarely in the face, he said—

"I have the kindest regard for Hettie. I have reason to believe she fully reciprocates my affections. She is wealthy—I am poor. In that respect we are far apart. I shall never marry a woman until I have provided a home for her equal in all respects to the home from which I take her."

"You speak determinedly."

"No too much so, I hope."

"Perhaps not, but I do not fully understand your meaning."

"I have nothing more to add to what I have already said."

"Well, then, return to your work; but you will please remember that hereafter you will be closely watched, and you are not to recognize my daughter at all—not even as an acquaintance. Hereafter you are not to visit my house unless you have personal business with me."

"Mr. Hines, you are too exacting, and you may as well now, as later on, know that I will not concede to your unreasonable demand."

CHAPTER II.—ROY'S DEPARTURE.

It was Saturday afternoon, and before Roy left the office after the conversation with Mr. Hines, he demanded a settlement and was paid the amount due him in full. He then returned to his work to complete the week for which he had just been paid.

As he worked with his hands, his mind was occupied with plans for his future course. He had no intention of remaining there and submitting to Mr. Hines' unreasonable requirements.

But for a young man who loves home, as he did, it is no easy matter to tear himself loose from it and go out into the great world among strangers. But he was resolute when once he had made up his mind to do a thing.

He informed his mother and sister of what he was going to do and begged that they might not object.

Mrs. Berry, although grieved to give him up for only a short time, had determined not to oppose his plans, but Ola was more unrelenting, as was shown in the opening conversation with her mother.

"Roy, we are indeed sorry to give you up for so long a time," said Mrs. Berry, as she wiped a tear from her eyes and continued looking over his clothes she was packing away in his valise.

"Mother, you know how true I have always been to my temperance principles and ever since I commenced to work in the distillery I have felt that it was wrong for me to aid in the manufacture of that which makes drunkards and maniacs of sober, industrious men, and brings

want and misery upon their dependent families. I have long since resolved to quit and seek more honorable employment somewhere else. But surrounded as we are here in this wilderness, with no means of earning a dollar, what is a poor boy to do? The distillery is the only place where I can get employment here, and there are scores of our neighbors depending upon labor from the same source for their support. I had planned to resign within the next year, and have already been corresponding with a gentleman in C—— who will give me employment in his large wholesale dry goods store. I am promised a very good salary at first and shall be advanced if I am competent to do the work, and I know I shall try very hard to be. This arrangement I kept to myself because I did not want you to worry about it, and I thought it best that you should not know it until I had fully resolved to go. Mr. Hines can find no fault with me, more than that I am poor. But I would a thousand times rather be poor as I am than to have accumulated riches in a traffic of human beings and the manufacture and sale of that which panperizes and enslaves the many innocent to enrich the few who engage in it. Mr. Hines is becoming more tyrannical and exacting, and has recently made demands upon me which I will not comply with, and he may as well know it now as at any time. Hettie has proven herself to be my very best friend, and for her I will consider no sacrifice too great.

"You now understand why I have taken this hasty step, and I hope you will not object to my plans. When I have attained to that position in life which I now so earnestly desire, I will return to you and my old home, as I leave—honest and honored, but not a poor man."

"Roy, I fear you are too enthusiastic, and should you not prosper as you so greatly desire, that you will become discouraged. I know you are ambitious, and the Lord whom you serve has promised never to leave or forsake those who put their trust in Him, but sometimes we may look for more than it is His will to give, and we are too apt to become discouraged if our plans are not in accordance with His divine will. Should you meet with disappointment do not become discouraged but remember that perseverance is the only way to success."

"Mother, I am young in years but old in experience. I appreciate your counsel above all others, and I shall endeavor to emulate your example as nearly as possible, and then I know that I shall succeed."

"Then go, my noble boy, and a mother's blessing go with you. Do not worry about Hettie. She will be well cared for and I am sure she will ever be true to you."

"Mother, do not misjudge me. It is not for Hettie alone that I am concerned. I know that she is honest and will never forsake me though I should never be anything else than a poor laborer. She will have everything that wealth can bestow toward happiness. But it is for you, dear mother, that I now feel the deepest concern. I fear you will be lonely, and worry about me. I beg you to trust me wholly, and when I have been gone but a few weeks you will hear of my promotion, for something which I know is no vain fancy tells me that I am to succeed, and I know that I shall."

"Roy, you will succeed in nearly everything, but you must not *fancy* too much in so short a time. You may find a rough road to travel and meet with temptations that will be hard to bear, and it will require all the courage you possess to withstand them all and prosper. But I would not discourage you. You are young and the future to you is now all sunshine, but as you go along your pathway will occasionally be strewn with thorns where you may look for flowers to grow. You will often feel like giving up the struggle, for 'those who God loves He chasteneth.' When these come remember that every dark cloud has a silver lining, and every stormy night a brightening morning; and if you fail to prosper so rapidly as your ambition would have you, do not give over the struggle. The promise is to those who continue faithful unto the end and have run with patience the race set before them. Spend your idle hours in reading the Bible and other good and useful books."

On Monday morning Roy went to the distillery as usual, but not to work. He first called at the office and informed Mr. Hines that he was going away and that he might fill his place with some one else.

Mr. Hines was heartily sorry, but was too obstinate to let it be known how deeply he felt the loss of so faithful and trusty a laborer.

He remembered the conversation he had with him a few days before, and attributed that as the cause of his hasty departure. He now was fully convinced that he was wrong, but too self-willed to relent, and Roy left without further conversation.

Roy called upon all his many friends in the distillery and bade them a long farewell, and went out never to enter that building again or to look upon the faces of some of his fellow laborers with whom he had spent many happy days.

He now came to the hardest trial of all; that of making known to Hettie his plans for the future and the long separation they must endure.

To call upon her at her home was the only alternative, and hither he bent his steps, with bowed head and aching heart.

Hettie was frightened to see the sad expression on his usually cheerful face, and her first thought was that some serious accident had happened at the distillery and that he had been sent to convey the news.

"Why, Roy, what is the matter? You look ill," said Hettie.

"I am not ill as you suppose. I think that I am unusually well. But I have come to say good-bye for awhile, and I am grieved to know that we are to be separated for a short time, and that has so preyed upon my mind as to show so plainly that it calls forth remarks from every one who meets me."

"Oh, Roy, what do you mean? Are you beside yourself? You are not going away?"

"Yes, I must go; but I hope it will not be necessary for me to be away very long."

"It must be something dreadful that is calling you away? Do father and the men know that you are going?"

"They do."

"Has there been any trouble between you and father?"

"I should not have gone so soon only for a demand of your father which my manhood calls out in rebellion against. It is this: I must not, he says, so much as recognize you as an acquaintance and remain in his employ. Will I submit to such an unreasonable demand? Will I be made the slave of a cruel master for a few dollars? No, never!"

"Roy, Roy, you frighten me! I was not aware that anyone knew we were more to each other than friends. Who could have told father? And why should he be so cruel?"

"Hettie, your father can find but one fault with me, and that is, I am poor. I had hoped that he might not know of our engagement until I had accumulated enough wealth for at least a comfortable living. But someone has told him enough to arouse his suspicion and he is very angry about it and talked to me in a manner I cannot, will not stand.

"But it is too late to talk of that now," continued Roy. "I will go away a poor boy but in a few years I shall return a rich man. You will not forget me, knowing that separation will only endear you to me and serve to make our future life together more happy."

"Dear Roy, without you I will be lonely and there will be but little pleasure left for me when you are gone; but let come what may, you are always the same to me. My prayers will daily ascend to heaven for your protection and guidance."

We here draw the curtain and leave the lovers to enjoy the parting scene alone.

"Why, Roy, what is the matter?"

CHAPTER III.—ROY ENTERS UPON HIS NEW DUTIES.

A week later Roy arrived in the metropolis of the northwest and was employed in the great wholesale house of J. J. Gaylord, No. 1199 —— street. There was a large corps of clerks and each one had his particular part of the work to do, and, Roy being the latest accession to the clerical force, was assigned to the lowest place—that of general roustabout.

He got along remarkably well with his work, but everything was new to him and so different to the mountainous country in which he had spent all his life that he was at times almost persuaded to give it up and return home. Paved streets and smooth stone and brick sidewalks had not half the charms for him that there was in the rough stony roads and the narrow uneven foot-paths that wound their way through the ivy brush and wintergreen on the mountains and hills, and the gas and electric light shone dimly in comparison with the new moon as it illuminated the hills and valleys of his southern home. But as time passed along and he became more accustomed to city life, and his new business, he gradually became satisfied, and daily grew in favor with his employer and the employes.

How little do boys and young men realize the trials and disappointments they are to encounter when they have once left home and drifted about in the world among strangers to battle against vice and immorality. They do not stop to see that they are taking a leap in the dark, and that every step is either upward to fame or downward to the level of the ordinary, or total shipwreck. There can be no neutral ground upon which a young man may walk. He must either progress or recede. Nature endows him with the power to shape his own future. The cities are full of haunts of vice and upon nearly every street corner may be found a hellgate ajar to entice and entrap the young and unwary. These places are protected by the laws of our land to the great detriment of the rising generation, and the sooner they are closed the better it will be for suffering humanity.

Roy's early acquaintances were limited to his immediate neighborhood and for a young man of his age he had seen but very little of the world. He could see no grievous faults in the acts of his associates, but, like himself, thought all men honest, and it had always been a ray of sunshine in his life to look upon the bright side of everything and in his good nature passed by the little misdeeds of others and attributed them to mistakes of the head and not of the heart. It is a part of the nature of the truly good and righteous thus to give the benefit of all doubts to their friends.

There was, however, an evil rapidly growing, not only within reach of his observation, but all over the country, about which he had seriously studied from the time of his early childhood with not the least degree of allowance.

"Why will men drink that which fires the brain and dethrones their reason?" was his oft repeated question when he saw men reeling and staggering under the power of strong drink. And from his experience while an employe in Hines' distillery he was better fortified than had he not seen so much drunkenness and debauchery.

He had seen strong men become as helpless as an infant by the monster intemperance. He had known once happy homes broken up and worse than orphaned children thrown out upon the cold charity of the world by the use of strong drink. He had, with a sorrowful heart, watched some of his childhood associates stagger into the presence of a heart-broken mother, and of all this he attributed the evil not alone to the consumers but to the authorities who sit upon the throne of justice and say that it is lawful, and therefore right, so long as a revenue can be collected therefrom, notwithstanding it imperils the body and souls of millions of its subjects. Are those millions of persons any less in bondage by reason of their unnatural acquired appetite than were the millions of slaves whose chains of bondage were broken asunder by the death upon bloody battle fields of many of our noble, patriotic fathers and sons, who unflinchingly laid down ther lives for that which they knew to be right?

Will the liquor traffic end in a parallel to the suppression of slavery? Will our law-makers continue to say it is right until God, through the agency of men, shall cry out against it in thundering tones of battle?

He had with great anxiety watched the downward course of George and Harry Hines, and rightfully placed the blame where it belonged. Their father did not care, or was too much engrossed in his business to see that the article he was manufacturing, and hoarding a fortune from, was robbing him of his two boys—the noblest work of God!

These things were so apparent to Roy that he fairly shuddered when he realized within the reach of what great danger he had stood these many years, and worse still, to see some of his friends yielding and verging on the brink of ruin.

In the light of all this he had long since resolved to abstain from it, and that he might be free from the very appearance of the evil, he determined to engage in a business where he might be free from the temptation; and now when we find him in the great city he is better fortified against the monster than the majority of young men who are placed in similar situations.

Roy was very closely watched day by day and his every act noted by Mr. Gaylord, who from the first had shown a great interest in him. He was sent on important errands, trusted with large sums of money to carry to the bank for, deposit and many other things that would be a temptation to a young man with an inclination to dishonesty. Having thus been thoroughly tested, he was given a more responsible position and so rapidly advanced in the knowledge of the business and showed such a willingness to be useful to his employer that he soon became a great favorite with all the employes as well as the proprietor.

When he had been there about three months, Mr. Gaylord called him into his private office one Saturday evening, and after paying him a week's salary, told him to remain until the clerks were all gone, as he had some business to transact with him which he desired to be private.

Roy obeyed, and as he sat there he felt that his plans had failed; that while he had striven so hard to do his work satisfactorily, he had in some particular failed to please Mr. Gaylord, and that he was to be discharged for something he knew not what.

But such was not the case.

When the men had received their week's wages and had gone to their homes, Mr. Gaylord closed his ledger, placed it in the safe and closed and locked the door.

And then turning his attention to his auditor he proceeded to unfold to him the promised transaction, but in quite a different way to that for which Roy was looking.

"More than three months ago you came to me a stranger," said Mr. Gaylord, "but you had been recommended to me as an honest, sober young man, one in whom I might place implicit confidence. Since you have been here I have taken much pride in watching your every action, and so far I am well pleased with you. I do not know how well you are pleased with your situation or whether or not you wish to remain here."

"I have had no cause to become dissatisfied," said Roy, as hope began to return.

"I believe you told me that you had only a common school education?"

"My advantages for an education were limited to the district country school where only the primary branches were taught."

"I have observed that you write a fair hand. By close application and experience, you will shortly become a good penman. To-day I have been compelled to discharge my private secretary who was also my assistant book-keeper. He is a most excellent accountant and in every particular well qualified to do the work, but of late he has become so greatly addicted to the use of whisky that I can no longer trust him. I shall be pleased to give you the place vacated by him and have you enter upon the duties at once."

Roy was too greatly surprised and overjoyed to answer at once, but finally said:

"I fear that I shall not be able to successfully fill so responsible a position; but

"I shall be pleased to give you the place."

I will try."

"The work is comparatively easy now and the wages are more than double what I can afford to pay for the work you have been doing. At present there is but little writing to do and you will have time for study and practice, and in this way you can, if you apply yourself, soon become so well acquainted with the work that your services will be absolutely indispensable. A young man with temperate habits and honest purpose is worth far more to me than all the learned men in the world who are drunkards."

Roy could scarcely realize what he had been listening to, and the good fortune that had come to him so soon and in such an unexpected manner. Now he would be able to send his mother and Ola a good round sum of money every month and have enough left for himself after laying aside a small amount for the beginning of a bank account.

Was ever a noble boy's heart more completely filled to overflowing with rapturous joy? He now fully comprehended the promise he had left with Hettie. In a few years he would return to her and claim her as his own. Her father should never again scorn him on account of poverty.

He could not sleep until he had written to his mother to tell her of his good fortune. The letter carried with it a gleam of sunshine and every page was stained with a tear of joy, but in his enthusiasm how else could he write to the mother whose idol he had been for so many years, and whom he knew was daily and hourly praying for her absent boy's success.

Would it not be a grand thing if all boys could be constrained to feel more of the power of a mother's anxiety and her earnest prayers for their guidance and protection from the evils of the various temptations that crowd thickly about them on every side wherever they may be.

How many mothers are there to-night who are praying for their darling wayward boys who are probably reveling in the saloon or gambling room? How many pillows are wet with bitter tears falling from the sleepless eyes of a heart-broken mother to-night while her precious boy is burning the midnight oil over a game of cards in the rear or upper room of some saloon with his last dollar at stake? The scene is too real to be lightly passed by or contemptuously laughed down. And how many boys have the manliness and firmness to say "No" when tempted to indulge in these vices? We fear there are but few and as these places of debauchery and ruin are becoming more numerous the temptations are consequently widening and deepening, and our boys and young men have a snare laid in their pathway for every step they take, and this being true, when coupled with the natural depravity of humanity, is there not greater cause than ever before for alarm? Is it not time for Christian men to be chosen to fill our legislative halls and to sit on the juries in our county courts, and to rule in town and city government affairs? There are now Christian gentlemen in all these various positions but unfortunately they are the minority and therefore helpless as though they had no voice in the affairs of legislation.

CHAPTER IV.—ROY MEETS THE TEMPTER.

There was a young man employed in the store by the name of Guy Foster, who had schemed in every way possible to attain the position which Roy now filled so successfully and satisfactorily to Mr. Gaylord. He was too shrewd, however, to let his disappointment be known, and to all outward appearance was Roy's very best friend, and was almost constantly with him when it was at all possible for him to be. He planned in every way imaginable to cunningly entrap Roy in some way to cause him to be discharged. He knew that Mr. Gaylord would not keep in his employ a drinking man if he knew it, and if he could only entice Roy into some low-down resort, get him drunk and then have some one report it on him, he knew that he would be discharged.

Guy Foster was a drinking man, but always managed to keep sober during working hours, and consequently supposed that his drinking and carousing would never be known outside of the circle of his immediate friends and associates with whom he spent much of his time in the various saloons and dens of iniquity at late hours of night.

One Saturday night he went to Roy with the proposition that they go together and spend the evening in a beer garden in an out-of-the-way part of the city where there would not be the slightest danger of any of their friends finding them out, and assuring him that there was no where to be found a more respectable or enjoyable place for young men to spend an evening.

Roy had learned a great deal about the saloons and beer gardens by reading of them, and had often wished that he might have an opportunity to see the inside of these places and learn more of them that would enable him more fully to comprehend the vileness of their character.

Guy fully understanding the influence and power the persons frequenting these wicked pleasure resorts have over the young, innocent and inexperienced, supposed it to be an easy matter to initiate Roy if once enticed into the scenes of the debauchery.

Roy consented to go, but first assured Guy that he would not drink a drop nor take any part in the amusements, but would go only as a spectator, and with no other understanding.

"Certainly you will not drink—nor I," said Guy. "We go to see what others do and to learn something about the ways of the world. I don't believe in a fellow being cooped up in a store all the time and never know anything of what other people are doing. We may as well as not have some pleasure as others do."

They took a car and traveled northwestward to near the city limits where they left the car and walked a few squares to where they came to the famous Wineard beer garden.

It was there where scores of young men have been ruined—the place where they first began drinking beer and gaming, which finally ended in their total destruction.

A large crowd had preceded Guy and Roy, and the hilarity was unbounded when they were ushered in. Guy was recognized by some half dozen of his lady friends, and in a very short time was entirely lost to Roy, who threw himself into the most convenient seat and proceeded to make a careful survey of his surroundings. On every side he saw gayety. Men and boys, women and girls were there, all congregated in one common herd.

It was early in the evening and there was but little sign of intoxication, though the beverages were being rapidly consumed.

Looking toward the entrance Roy saw an aged and decrepit man stagger in apparently under the influence of liquor. His clothes were tattered, and his shoes were worn out. He carried a cane with which he partly supported his tottering steps. His form was stooped with age and infirmities. There was something in his manner that arrested Roy's attention, and he watched him very closely for a few minutes when his attention was called away and he had almost forgotten the strange old man, when some object touched his arm, and, turning around, came face to face with the queer old creature.

"Ha, young feller, gi'me somethin' to buy a glass o' beer."

Roy scanned him more closely. There was something strangely familiar in that voice, but surely it was no one he had ever met before, and his answer to the request for money to buy beer was firm and the old man could not misconstrue the meaning:

"No, I cannot do it. I am a stranger here, and came not to drink myself nor to give to others to drink. If at any other place you had asked me for bread or clothing—seeing your deplorable condition—I would most willingly have aided you; but here I cannot. Your appearance indicates that you have already been ruined by drink and I am not the one to aid you in falling still lower."

"That's right, young man. You'd better not spend your money for drink nor your evenings here. See what it has done for me!" and a sad expression came over the poor old man's face that could not be mistaken for genuine heartfelt sorrow, and it touched the tender cord in Roy's heart that forced the tears to his eyes.

The old man saw the effect of his words and continued—

"Once I was as young and handsome as you; but look at me now! But I must have beer, so good-bye."

He staggered away and was soon lost in the crowd.

Finally Guy came to Roy and said:

"It must be dull sitting here alone; let me introduce you to a lady friend of mine?"

"I guess not!" said Roy, half contemptuously; "I don't want to know any of your lady (?) friends here."

"Come, Roy, this is a gay crowd, and I want you to enjoy yourself."

"I shall enjoy myself, if at all, only as a looker-on, and you will not interrupt me nor mar your own pleasures by further entreaty, I trust."

"Well, then, do not grow impatient."

Directly after Guy had gone, a young woman, handsome and winning, came to where Roy was sitting, and introducing herself, said:

"You are a stranger here, I believe, and you must not be backward in a place like this, where you are surrounded by so many friends. Drink a glass of wine and consider yourself engaged to dance with me in the next set."

Roy was astonished at such bold familiarity and blushed as he bowed politely to refuse the proffered glass and begged to be excused from dancing.

A puzzled expression came over the woman's comely face, and seeing that she had failed in her attempt to draw him out into the hilarity she turned away from him and was soon lost in the crowd.

"Ha, young man, not drink with so fair a creature as that? Maybe I'd be found makin' a fool o' myself that way," said the queer old man, who came up just as the young woman disappeared.

"Who are you that you should take so much interest in my behavior here to-night?"

"Nobody, much," said he, "only just a living, walking temperance guide-post. Surely any sensible man who is traveling this way and happens to run across me, and find out what has brought me to this, will turn face about and make tracks in the opposite direction."

"Why, really, you are becoming eloquent. I am interested. Tell me more of yourself," said Roy.

"I am a poor homeless drunkard, without friends and without money. I once was in fair circumstances and held a good position. I lived in a large city. To spend my time of evenings when off duty, I was enticed into a place not unlike this. A young friend advised me not to go, but another one with more persuasive power urged and I followed him. I joined in

A young woman came to where Roy was sitting.

the revelry and lost all—money, situation, honor, reputation, and everything, only my wretched life, and that is only spared to be a burden. I was compelled to return to my home, and my reckless life soon brought my mother in sorrow to her grave. It was a fair lass, not unlike the one who tempted you here to-night, who gave me the first glass of wine, and now I can fancy that I see her face in every glass I drink. Take warning by me and don't be led into this place again."

"What is your name? And why do you still continue coming here when you know so well the nature of the place?"

"My name is Legion, you may see me at any time in places where gentlemen and ladies never come, and too frequently on the streets or roaming, like the wanderer I am, up dark alleys and loitering around the back doors of saloons where they have robbed me of all I had and then kicked me out as mercilessly as though I were a rabid dog. I have nowhere else to go. It is better now for me here than constantly in the streets."

When Roy turned to question him still further he was gone. He d sappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as he had appeared.

While Roy still remained a silent observer Guy was planning with his associates to contrive some untried means by which to induce Roy to go into some game so that he might be more easily led on step by step to the trap so skillfully set to catch him.

But occasionally the best laid schemes of the wisest and most cunning men, fail, and this was true of Guy Foster's plans.

As the merriment increased and the drunken men and women became more noisy, Roy, becoming thoroughly disgusted with the place, ventured out into the crowd to look for Guy and make known to him his intention to leave for home at once. He advanced a few steps from where he had been sitting when he heard angry words near by, and a glance at two nicely dressed young gentlemen sitting on either side of a table upon which there was a pack of cards, a bottle and two glasses, assured him that they were engaged in a quarrel.

They had evidently been drinking too freely, for their faces were flushed and their hands unsteady, while their eyes gleamed like the eyes of a ferocious animal. A dispute arose between them and angry words flew thick and fast. One called the other a liar and two revolvers glistened in the dim light. For a moment the two men stood face to face with uplifted weapons, without uttering a word.

For a moment all was as silent as the grave. The antagonists moved not a muscle, but looked one another squarely in the face with the look of desperation. The silence was broken by the report of two pistol shots, and the forms of two stalwart young men fell to the ground mortally wounded.

Roy was too much frightened to move a muscle, but stood there like a statue, gazing upon the horrible spectacle before him.

Guy was attracted by the report of the pistols and rushed to the scene where the murderers were in the agonies of death, and bending closely over the dying men that he might not be mistaken as to their identity, was horrified to find his suspicions confirmed, and as he rose to his feet again, exclaimed—

"My God! this is terrible!" and then turning to Roy, said:

"This one is my brother, and his murderer we had considered his best friend. They were constantly together but have never quarreled before to my knowledge. I wonder what could have caused this?"

"I was looking for you," said Roy, "when my attention was directed to them by oaths and angry words. One called the other a liar, and you see the result of it."

Guy stepped to one side and hastly exchanged a few words with a gentleman who Roy supposed to be the proprietor.

Returning to Roy they locked arms and walked rapidly away, leaving the dead men lying where they had fallen.

CHAPTER V—MR. HINES' BUSINESS REVERSES.

Roy was scarcefnl out of sight after his last interview with Hettie when Mr. Hines returned to the house, looking careworn and troubled.

Mrs. Hines saw that there was something the matter with her husband, and

asked him what was going wrong.

He told her what he had previously learned from Uncle Mose, the conversation he had with Roy and the result of it all.

Mrs. Hines was really angry when she learned what had been done and soundly berated her husband for the course he had taken, and finished the tirade of words by saying:

"Thomas, you are surely the most foolish man I ever saw; to treat the boy so cruelly is simply outrageous and uncalled for. Roy has just left here, but I had not thought of anything like this. Why, they are only children and have been together like brother and sister all their lives, and I don't see any cause for this nonsense. This seems to me a very unusual freak for you, who should know better than to act so. You ought to reason more with common sense before you make such hasty conclusions, and not listen to everything that silly old darkey is always so ready to tell you."

Mr. Hines saw his wife's anger and thought it best that he should keep silent, and so he left the house without uttering another word and returned to his office.

Mrs. Hines was a quiet and strictly religious woman, but such nonsense as she termed it, was too much for her to bear in silence, and for a time she gave vent to her feelings in a manner her husband was not looking for, and for which she was afterward heartily sorry.

After parting with Roy, Hettie went to her room and there alone poured out the sorrows of her broken heart in the bitterest of bitter tears. She was young and unaware of the trials of life. Roy, in her estimation, was perfection, and the cruel blow was more than she thought she could ever bear, and she felt that her father was wronging her and crushing her with an uncalled for weight of sorrow.

She wept for a long while but finally conquered her feelings and resolved to brave it out and wait patiently, though sorrowfully, until the promised time for Roy's return.

After the somewhat spirited conversation with his wife, Mr. Hines returned to his office, but was too much excited to transact any kind of business. Of late things were all going wrong. He had never before seen his wife in such a rage, and not until then had he fully realized what he had done.

The men employed in the distillery were sullen, and among themselves talked the matter over, and all with one accord predicted that Mr. Hines would rue the day he objected to his daughter's choice and so cruelly drove Roy Berry away.

For many years Thomas Hines had owned and operated the only distillery in that part of Kentucky, and consequently monopolized the whisky and brandy trade for many miles around.

Farmers hauled their apples and peaches by the wagon loads from the "upper countries" to the Hines' distillery and had them made into brandy. He charged by the gallon or manufactured on the shares. Most generally the latter, and it was not an unusual thing for him to have his store houses full of barrels of whisky and brandy. There being at that time no railroad near, he was forced to haul his products to Lexington and other railroad connections where he found a ready sale at good prices, or shipped it to Cincinnati, Louisville, and other northern markets, where he sold at much higher figures.

But reverses in business of this kind were not an unfrequent occurrence and in the case of Thomas Hines were no exception.

His first great loss was the burning of his distillery, and a total loss of everything connected with it right in the midst of the busy season.

To rebuild required much time and a large outlay of money, and when at the end of three months the new establishment was ready for business again, the fruit season was over and the grain crop was a total failure in that part of the country, and consequently the amount of grain necessary to make a gallon of whisky was worth more in its raw state than the gallon of whisky would sell for when manufactured.

This state of affairs, connected with other serious business failures, discouraged the great liquor king, and in order to regain, in part at least, his fast disappearing fortune, he resolved to go into the retail business and carry on both branches of the trade.

To do this required but a small amount of capital, and the income from such business can scarcely be computed, but to select a suitable location was no little task. Finally he decided upon S——, a thriving little county seat through which the great Southern railroad was then being built. He fitted up a room in first-class style and arranged for George and Harry to carry on that branch of the business while he remained at home and attended to the distillery and his fast depreciating farm affairs.

Mrs. Hines very greatly opposed this arrangement, and plead with her husband to abandon it, but like too much of her good advice, he paid no attention to her entreaties.

She realized the fact that her boys were already becoming addicted to the use of liquor. George of late having frequently been prostrated, and Harry occasionally coming in from the distillery in a drunken condition. She knew if they were allowed to make others drunken, they would themselves become drunkards, for could she not plainly see that the acquired appetite was rapidly growing on them?

But no amount of persuasion would change his plans. His only argument was that business depression compelled him to do something speedily.

Thus was the heart-broken mother compelled to see her boys placed in a position where they were liable to temptations of the vilest character and where there are evil habits formed from which not one in a thousand is reclaimed.

By the first of the new year a license had been procured, and the Hines Brothers were establishing themselves in a good paying business in the town of S——.

Mr. Hines remained at home and still continued in the distillery business, but without the least shadow of the success he had enjoyed in the past. Misfortune after misfortune came, and he grew weary of life. Other distilleries were opened for business in the neighborhood. His business finally became so depressed and his health so poor that he was compelled to retire.

Within a year after his retirement he sickened and died, and then a public settlement of his affairs disclosed the fact that instead of the great fortune he possessed a few years before, there was little more than enough left to cover the liabilities.

He was greatly missed by scores of poor people who for many years had depended upon him for labor to earn their daily bread.

In many respects Thomas Hines was a good and useful man. He was self-willed and had his own estimation of what was right and what was wrong. He engaged in the liquor business fully knowing the evils growing out of the traffic, but like too many men of to-day, he liked it for the gain there is in it without properly considering the result. Every rational man and woman upon the face of the earth know that it is now our monster evil, but pass it by unthoughtfully as a thing necessary to exist among other lesser evils.

We need not tell men who sell liquor and those who drink it, that it is ruinous. They already know it. What we most need to do is to get before them something in some way to illustrate the wrong and impress it so vividly upon their minds that they cannot erase it and to set them to thinking of what they already know, and when a man once begins to think he will begin to act, and when he begins to act in the right direction his influence will be felt on that side.

After the death of Mr. Hines, George was appointed administrator and honorably adjusted his father's affairs.

Mrs. Hines prayerfully and tearfully urged her boys to abandon their profession and return home and live with her upon the estate which she had inherited and still held in her own right.

To this arrangement George and Harry would not listen. They liked the business and were determined to continue.

CHAPTER VI.—GEORGE AND HARRY HINES.

The Hines saloon was the finest in that part of the state. Two elegant billiard and pool tables had recently been added to the other attractions of their establishment. This was a new feature in that hitherto back-woods town, and the saloon was constantly crowded with customers, and spectators who thought it an eminently proper place to while away leisure horros.

"Is my boy here?"

A gambling room was opened in an upper apartment of the building, the entrance to which was gained by a secret stairway at the rear end of the bar-room.

There was but little complaint of any disturbance about the saloon, as everything from an outward appearance was conducted in a business-like manner, and no lawlessness was being carried on so far as anyone who might have been interested knew of or even suspicioned.

If the Hines boys drank at all it was not known outside the circle of their immediate associates, until one day George attended a shooting match just outside the town limits on Sandy creek, and while there, with others, indulged too freely and became beastly intoxicated and had to be carried home.

From this time the place was more closely watched, and it was soon noised around that the saloon was not conducted as it should be.

The laws of the state forbid minors the right of buying liquor or visiting saloons as a place of resort. But the Hines saloon was so arranged that boys could enter and depart by a side door unobserved, and it was a nightly occurrence for a score or more boys to mingle with the crowd of men who assembled there to spend their time and money.

One night about nine o'clock a gentle tap was heard on the side door. Harry Hines opened the door and was astonished to find a woman standing there in the light that shone through the half open door.

He stepped back and would have closed the door had she not advanced and pleadingly looked him full in the face as she asked:

"Is my boy here!"

"I think he is not," said Harry; and then turning to the cowering crowd he made a warning gesture to a boy apparently fifteen years of age, at the same time calling aloud—

"Is Willie Haywood in the room?"

A half dozen voices answered in concert: "No, he's not here!"

Harry again told Mrs. Haywood that Willie was not there and that he had not been during the evening.

"But surely he is here. Might you not be mistaken, Mr. Hines?"

"I am positive that he is not here."

"Then he must have gone out since I have been talking with you, for I followed and saw him enter this door no more than ten minutes ago accompanied by Hugh Lovelace and two or three other boys."

"Mrs. Haywood, you must be mistaken. I don't think they have been here."

During this brief conversation, Willie Haywood and Hugh Lovelace were crouching behind a pool table in such a position that they could not be seen from the door.

Mrs. Haywood at first resolved to go inside, but was constrained from doing so by the thought that no respectable woman ever went into such places as that, and she concluded to try some other means to find out if her boy was being enticed into that kind of associations.

She cast a longing look into the elegantly furnished room, and then disappeared in the darkness, discouraged and heartbroken.

"That was a close call," said Harry, when he had closed the doors. "If she had come in here and caught me in that d—d lie and found all you boys in here I expect all the mothers in town would have been here looking for their boys every night hereafter if they should happen to go outside the house after dark."

While this was going on in the bar-room George Hines was entertaining some friends in the gaming-room, and the entire crowd were drinking and playing cards.

Harry was very cautious about allowing minors to drink at the bar for fear some one might be present who would report it and cause trouble, and to obviate all possible chance of exposure, it was decided on this particular evening to allow the boys to go up to the gambling room and there be supplied from a bar arranged in one corner of the room for the convenience of those who congregated there from night to night.

On this occasion there was an extra vigilance kept, for the appearance of a lady at that place was a rare occurrence and not at all pleasing to the proprietors, who were not caring for the mothers so long as they could have their boys' patronage, and they feared that a few such visits would drive away some of those who were fast becoming profitable customers on the sly.

The number of boys increased until at 10 o'clock there were about twenty, ranging in age from fifteen to twenty years.

Will Haywood was a bright, intelligent boy, and the pride of a widowed mother. He was a jovial, sociable companion in whatever company he chanced to be, and a friend to everybody.

Harry Hines, fearing that Mrs. Haywood might return with reinforcements, proposed that the minor portion of the crowd should go up to the room where they could enjoy themselves without any danger of being found by anyone who might come spying around.

There was a good supply of liquors and a jolly fellow to deal it out, preceded them, and when once inside the room they were safe from the gaze of the outside world and free to indulge to their own satisfaction, or until their money gave out.

Willie Haywood led the way to the room, and the drinking began by him, treating the entire crowd. Some half dozen others followed his example, and within the next hour there were more than half of the boys considerably intoxicated. Card playing, dancing, swearing, and the quoting of vulgar anecdotes were the main features of the evening's amusement.

George Hines and a friend sat near a table, smoking and talking, while near by others were engaged in playing cards and drinking. George and his friend had just closed an exciting game and were at that time discussing some business transaction; but they were both too drunk to realize what they were doing.

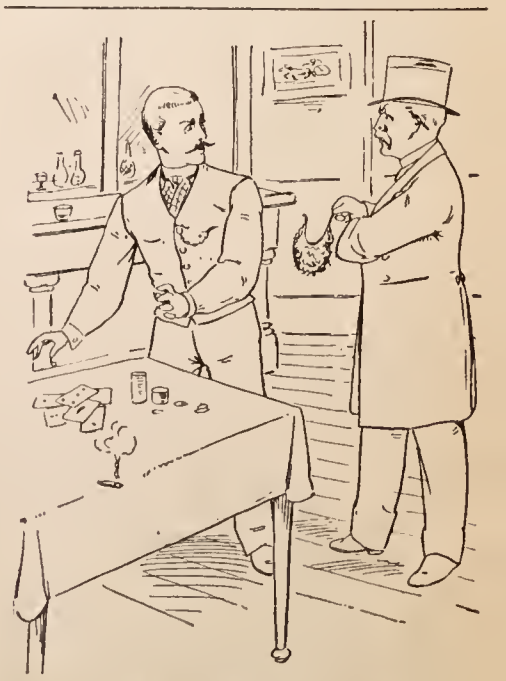
Presently George looked up and exclaimed, with apparent astonishment:

"Why, Willie Haywood, you here? I should sooner have looked for you with your mother at prayer-meeting, but I am real glad to see you; come and have something to drink with me."

He motioned the crowd to follow, and headed by Willie, all those who were not already too drunk to walk, marched across the room to the bar and were treated to whatever they called for.

The merriment increased as the midnight hour drew nigh and the lights in the lower room had been put out.

A stranger appeared at the door of the room at the head of the stairway. Willie



"Colonel Lovelace! you here?"

Haywood was singing and whistling alternately while a fellow companion was dancing. The other boys were playing cards or lying aronnd in a drunken stupor.

The strange man advanced to the middle of the room, and facing George Hines, removed from his face a disguise.

George exclaimed with astonishment:

"Colonel Lovelace! you here?"

"Yes, sir; and for a purpose, too."

There was a death-like silence. Willie Haywood and Hugh Lovelace cowered like trapped wolves.

At length the silence was broken by Colonel Lovelace addressing the following rather plain remarks to George Hines:

"Mr. Hines, I am both surprised and alarmed. As I sat reading at my home this evening a lone woman called at my door. She was in great distress—her face was bathed in tears and her eyes were swollen from much weeping. She told me how she had followed her son and saw him enter this building by a side door, accompanied by my son; that she called upon your brother and plead with him for her boy, who she knew was in here. He told her that he was not here. This was a surprise to me. Little did I think that so fine appearing gentlemen as yourself and brother would be engaged in a business to entrap and ruin our boys. It had never entered my mind that any boy was allowed to come in here, and much more surprised to find my own son here. The pleadings of the good woman to-night aroused my suspicion and I resolved to see the inside of this place. I assumed the appearance of a drinking man, for I knew that to come without disguise would be useless. I came into the room below in time to see the boys marched off to this secret place, which no decent man knows to be in existence. I remained below for a time and then came up to the outer door of this room where I have been a silent observer for the last hour. No mortal tongue could have pictured to my mind what my eyes have seen here to-night. Here I find my boy and my neighbors' boys, some of them in a beastly state of intoxication. I shall at once take the proper steps toward the suppression of this unlawful and outrageous business, and have you, sir, and your brother, and partner in crime, dealt with according to the severest terms prescribed by law."

While Colonel Lovelace was thus addressing George Hines, the boys who were not too drunk to realize what they were doing, disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as Mr. Lovelace had appeared.

Colonel Lovelace did not return to his home that night. The next day a thorough search was made for him, but he could no where be found.

CHAPTER VII.—MRS. HINES PLEADS IN VAIN.

Mrs. Hines improved every opportunity to persuade George and Harry to abandon the saloon business and return home to take charge of the farm and her business affairs generally. But her pleadings were all in vain.

She had always been opposed to the liquor business while her husband was engaged in it. And now as she saw her two sons following his example with every prospect of a far worse ending, her grief was inexpressible. She realized that they could never become useful citizens so long as they were engaged in a business that robbed men of their senses, broke up family circles, pauperized helpless and innocent children and brought heart-broken wives and mothers in sorrow to the grave.

Her letters to them were full of pleadings and Christian motherly advice. But they were so intensely interested in hoarding up wealth, no matter in what way, that they never stopped to think what they were coming to or whether they were leading the life most successful and enjoyable.

In their ambition for the perishable fortune and pleasures of this life they seldom, if ever, thought of the better way to live here and the imperishable treasures in the world to come.

All these things weighed so heavily on their mother that she began to fail rapidly in health, and at times her troubles appeared to be more than she could possibly bear. But through divine assistance she did not entirely yield to her troubles.

Hettie was almost constantly with her mother, and as time passed the great burden she had so long and bravely borne seemed to be partially removed, and she was her mother's greatest earthly comforter.

George and Harry came home to visit their mother and sister regularly once a month, and their coming was always a time for rejoicing in the once happy home, and they would, on the occasion of every visit, talk of their business in the most flattering terms, but whenever that subject was alluded to Mrs. Hines would cast an anxious look at them, and the same sad expression would come over her face that was so characteristic of her of late, and she never lost an opportunity to point out to them the evils of the liquor business and the great damage the saloon element was doing in the community.

George was generally the spokesman on all these occasions, and plead his case faithfully, but never to the satisfaction of his mother. She would remonstrate with him in a manner that fully showed forth her earnestness and desire to have her sons lead a better life.

"My son, your business, though protected by law, is both disgraceful and degrading. Your associates are of the lowest and vilest outcasts of the community. You may conduct your business as respectably as anyone, but money obtained in that way can never bring comfort and contentment in old age when one most needs to have everything pleasurable. Do you realize that for every dollar you put in your pocket in that way, some drunkard's helpless child has an extra patch added to his ragged coat?

"Can you not sometimes picture out in your mind the poor drunkard's desolate home while you are taking the money which rightfully belongs to his wife and innocent children, and if they had it, it would make their home comfortable and their lives happy? I beg of you to consider these things in their true light, and if you are convinced that it is wrong, give it up at once."

"Mother, if Harry and I do not sell whisky there someone else will, and if there is money in the business we may as well have it as anyone. If a man is determined to drink he will find some place where he can buy whisky, and if we should quit the business and close the house, he will go somewhere else to spend his money for drink."

This kind of persuasion and argument was indulged in sometime during every visit George and Harry made to their old home.

Mrs. Hines finally despaired of ever again having her boys with her only as they would come and go as visitors, and as there was so much to attend to on the farm she resolved to send for Uncle Mose, who had removed with his wife to Alabama.

Mose had been the slave of Mrs. Hines' father when she was a child and at her marriage he became her property; and, at the close of the war he begged to be allowed to remain on the plantation and live in the little cabin where he had so long resided. He was too old and infirm to do very much work and just before the death of Thomas Hines he was persuaded by his wife, Aunt Dorcas, to go to Alabama, the home of her early slave days.

Mose had never been satisfied there, and his delight was inexpressible when he received the letter from his old mistress offering to him again the only real home he had ever known; and a few days later he and his wife, with their household goods, arrived at their old home where they had spent so many happy years of real contentment; and it would have been a life-long picture indelibly painted on the memory of anyone who witnessed the honest expression of true happiness that came over their black, wrinkled faces when they again entered the door of that dear little cabin-home where they had ever had pleasure and the joys for which we all should live.

"O, home, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

Uncle Mose assumed his old charge, that of managing the cattle and horses, superintending the farm work so far as he was able, and did odd jobs about the house, but the greater part of his time was spent in improving and beautifying his own little home which was to him a perfect paradise and the dearest spot on earth.

But in his happiest hours there was one thought that always brought with it a sting of remorse. The sweet, sad face of Hettie told him the wrong he had unintentionally done her in plainer language

She lifted a great burden off the old man's heart.

than spoken words.

One day he came in from the field and found Hettie with Aunt Dorcas, and at sight of her wan face, with colorless cheeks and fading eyes, he felt more keenly than ever before the remorse that had never entirely left him since the day he had the conversation with Mr. Hines in the distillery office.

He then and there determined to confess the great wrong his conscience so plainly told him that he had done.

"Why, good evenin', Miss Hettie, I'm rale glad ter see yer, 'deed I am; but yer not a lookin' well, an' I reckon as I'm the cause ov it, fer I tole yer father 'way back yander an' then he driv the poor boy 'way an' left yer with a broken heart. Miss Hettie, it was dreffnl onkind in me, an' I 'spects yer can never forgive me; but the Lord only knows how dreffnl sorry I've been ever since Roy went 'way."

Being somewhat surprised at first, Hettie scarcely knew how to answer Uncle Mose. But gradually a smile crept over her face, and she lifted a great burden off the old man's heart by frankly forgiving him for what she had long since ceased to consider a wrong.

"When Roy first told me that he was going away I thought you had caused the trouble and I was rightfully indignant, and I then thought I could never forgive you, but I now feel very different about it. I am very sure that it was the wisest thing Roy could have done to leave the distillery when he did."

"Fur the bless'd Lawd's sake," said Aunt Dorcas, "can it be that Miss Hettie hes dun give up master Roy? I'd 'bout as soon b'lieve the worle'ud come to the end this bless'd minnit."

Hettie smiled and continued:

"I hear from Roy every week, and I know he is doing well, and best of all, he is engaged in a respectable and honorable business. He will come back again sometime, and I do not worry about him, when I know he is well and safe from the temptations which he had to encounter here. His prospects once seemed dark for the future, and he went away to find employment where he might not in any way be connected with the liquor business. George and Harry remained longer in the distillery and were tempted and yielded. In time they, too, went away; but how differently was their course than that taken by Roy? Their business leads them into the lowest depths of degradation, their associates must necessarily be drunkards and cut-throats; they will continue to make drunkards, wreck homes, and blight and ruin the lives of young men and boys, all for the sake of perishable riches. It is this that is now causing the color to fade from my cheeks, and slowly but surely bringing our mother in sorrow to the brink of the grave."

CHAPTER VIII. — OLA'S EXPERIENCE AT SCHOOL TEACHING.

Mrs. Berry and Ola, grieved as only a lone mother and sister can when for the first time an only son and brother has left them. But time is a healer of nearly all the sorrows to which humanity is heir, and they gradually became reconciled to their solitude, and as Roy's cheerful letters always brought good news they thought it useless to grieve life away without a cause.

Ola had attended the district school regularly for a number of years, and had attained a good common school education so that she was qualified in every respect to teach; and, owing to her mother's poor health she felt that much depended upon her, and she was anxious in some way to assist in earning their support, and acting upon the advice of some of her friends with whom she had consulted, she applied to the school trustee of her home district, for the position of teacher, something that had never before been attempted by a young lady in that neighborhood.

There were some objections on account of her age and inexperience, but she was finally employed; and, with the usual rapidity with which neighborhood gossip travels in that section of the country, the news of Ola's engagement as school teacher went from house to house until her name was in the mouth of every patron and pupil in the district.

Old Aunt Polly Blake, who knew more about baking Johnny-cake and spinning flax and cotton than she did of reading and writing, thought "that it would never do for that bit of a gal to try to teach the district school."

Grandpap Saddler could see no good to come out of it. "That Misses Berry ort to keep her gal to hum and larn her to weave good checked linsey and jeens, and leave school teaching for some learned man."

Muncie Harris received the news with little concern, which was a surprise to his informant, as it was generally supposed that he would be opposed to it and his judgment on important matters was looked upon as being about correct, and the neighborhood gossipers looked to him for most of their information.

"Well, I'll be dogged my cats," said Muncie, with a shrug of his shoulders and a gesture of the hand, "if I don't bet my old hat to a speckled pup or a pint of liquor, that Ola Berry will lick that drunken Jim Goff before she has taught school a month."

When the day arrived for the opening of school Ola, light of heart and firm of purpose, went alone through the lonely wood and over the hill to the little school-house, a half mile away, surrounded by giant chestnut and poplar trees, and the thickly grown ivy bushes and mountain tea, where she had attended school all her life. But now she was going in a different capacity, and the responsibility which she was assuming was no trifling matter, and it required all the energy at her command to properly appear before her old schoolmates as their teacher; but she had always been the friend of everyone and she anticipated no trouble from anyone, not withstanding the district was somewhat noted for a few unruly grown-up boys who attended the school, presumably, to keep up a disturbance more than for anything else.

Many of the scholars had preceded her and were anxiously awaiting her arrival: and she was not a little surprised to find John Henderson there, slate and books under his arm just as he used to come when they were classmates.

John was one year her senior, and generally conceded to be her equal in their studies. It was soon noised around that John Henderson was going to school to Ola Berry, and the gossiping old ladies in the neighborhood "put their heads together" and in a little while came to the conclusion "that John was not going to school to learn anything, and that they wouldn't wonder if Misses Berry had a son-in-law in her family before the term was out."

Ola paid no attention to what this one or that one said, but went right along successfully with her school; and, it was not until the end of the third week that there was any sign of rebellion on the part of any one of her scholars. On that Friday afternoon, as was always the custom there, the school was engaged in a spelling match.

The rule was for two of the scholars, generally the two conceded to be the best spellers, to "choose up" and spell for the championship of "sides." About the middle of the afternoon Jim Goff, a big, burly, awkward sixteen-year-old fellow, missed a word, and a little fellow on the other side spelled him down; but he refused to sit down as was the rule when one missed.

Ola requested him to take his seat as he was fairly spelled down. He got mad and began to swear and threatened to "clear out the house" if he was not allowed to have his own way; and he "was not going to be spelled down by a little tow-headed kid."

Ola had, in former days, witnessed a number of serious affairs he had had with

other teachers, and knowing his very bad disposition she hesitated to correct him; but finally summoned courage and told him that he must obey or leave the room at once.

He looked at her like a lion making ready to pounce upon a helpless fawn, but did not move a muscle of his body.

John Henderson remained a silent witness as long as a sense of duty would allow him, and seeing Ola's alarm, he stepped out, and, facing Jim Goff, he let him know in plain words that he was not the ruler there if he could swear the loudest and had "licked" more teachers than all the other boys in the school.

"You stan' back or I'll black your eye," said Jim, in a fearful rage.

"Then black away," said John, firmly, "for I shall not move one step backward until you sit down as you have been ordered to do, and if you utter another ungentlemanly word I will so completely disfigure your face with my fist that your mother will not recognize you when she sees you again," and at the same time pulling off his coat and giving every sign of desperate earnestness.

"Stand aside, John," said Ola; "I will see fair play here." And then going to her desk at the other end of the room, she picked up the beech switch which is considered as holding second place with a teacher in a country school, and returning within a few feet of Jim, she first addressed her remarks to John, who was still standing in anything else than a pleasant mood, and within reach of Jim.

"I have been employed to teach this school, and I shall do it to the very best of my ability; and while I am here in the capacity of teacher all who attend the school are expected to and shall obey."

A little seven-year-old boy clapped his hands at this last remark, but a reproving look from Ola quieted him and she continued—

"If there is fighting to be done, I will do it myself," and then turning to Jim, she said—

"Twice already I have asked you to sit down or leave the room, and now when I make the third request it must be obeyed."

"Sit down, I say!"

Jim stood there like a statue with a defiant look and a "I'll do as I please" expression on his face.

Ola placed herself squarely before him, and, raising the switch with her slender arm, she said—

"Jim, I give you just one minute to decide between obeying and a good sound whipping."

Everything was as still as the silent tomb. The teacher and the defiant boy stood face to face without exchanging another word, and at the end of the minute Ola brought the switch down upon the stubborn boy's limbs with tremendous force and rapidity.

The hitherto champion fighter of the school was greatly amazed and before he could fully realize the situation he had received more than a dozen severe blows, which so enraged him that he sprang like a vicious tiger, and seizing Ola would have crushed her to the floor had he not been properly and promptly dealt a powerful blow by John Henderson, which brought him to the floor."

"Take that, ruffian!" said John; "and if you attempt to lay your hands upon her again I will give you another one."

Ola brought the switch down upon the stubborn boy.

"Will you now sit down?" asked Ola; "or shall I continue with this disagreeable and disgraceful scene?"

Jim was already smarting with pain and filled with indignation. His vicious nature was hard to subdue, but he was almost persuaded to yield. But the thought of being whipped and conquered by a woman was too much for him and he resolved to make a break for the door and liberty.

Ola noticed his agitation, and guessing his intention, was more than ever determined that he should obey her last request to sit down, and stepping to the door she locked it and put the key in her pocket.

Then turning to the sullen boy whose anger knew no bounds, but who was as helpless as a caged lion, she pointed to the seat which she had previously requested him to take. He gave her a vicious look that almost chilled the blood in her veins, but did not move a muscle.

Ola renewed the attack with greater courage and power. Fast and hard the blows fell upon his back and limbs. His face changed color, and his eyes sparkled with rage, but finally he dropped into the seat and Ola ceased her rather impressive persuasion.

The chastisement was thorough and the victory complete. The smaller scholars were frightened nearly to death and the older ones were but little less excited and all was confusion in the school-room for a time, but quiet was again restored and the spelling was continued without further trouble.

Jim Goff had been a terror to the school ever since he had been in the neighborhood, and had driven away two or three teachers who came near losing their life while in discharge of their duty in trying to compel him to submit to the reasonable rules of the school.

He was in all particulars a very bad fellow, and without a friend among all his acquaintances except two or three boys who he was training in his own way. They were fast becoming hard-drinkers, and it had long been the general opinion of everyone who knew him that he would become a desperado: and, therefore, he was shunned by nearly everybody in the neighborhood. It was thought by most people that he would do Ola some serious injury, but she never had any more trouble with him, and he soon quitted the school.

One night just before Christmas, and only a short time after Jim Goff had stopped going to school, three drunken young men called at Uncle Mose's cabin and were admitted without being asked their business as was the custom among neighbors. When once on the inside of the house they drew their revolvers and compelled Uncle Mose to get out of bed, dress himself, and go with them to a neighboring distillery for a jug of whisky. They were already very drunk and used the most profane and vulgar language which scared Uncle Mose out of his wits, and he knew the only safe thing to do was to obey them.

One of the ruffians was detailed to remain with Aunt Dorcas while the other two accompanied Uncle Mose in his unwilling journey of a mile or two after the jug of whisky.

They were gone only a short time, but when they returned the one who had been left to guard the cabin was no where to be found, but the lifeless body of poor old Aunt Dorcas was found lying near the door. She had been foully murdered and robbed, and the assassin had disappeared in the darkness.

Uncle Mose was too greatly excited to recognize any one of the party in the dim light, but gave it as his opinion that it was Jim Goff who acted as spokesman; and when he suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from the neighborhood it was generally believed that he had committed the murder and ran away to evade arrest. This opinion was never denied by his parents, who were respectable citizens and were held in the highest esteem by their neighbors. Jim's downfall was traceable to the time when he was apprenticed to a distiller and began to be an excessive drinker.

CHAPTER IX.—DISPOSING OF THE DEAD MEN.

When Roy and Guy had reached the outside of the beer garden they walked hastily down the street and neither spoke a word until they were several squares away from the scene of the tragedy.

"This visit has turned out to be a horrible affair," were Guy's first words. "I do wonder what trouble they got into that led to this terrible deed?"

"How long had they been there?" asked Roy.

"I do not know. When we went in I saw brother Henry and Will Guff playing cards as quietly as usual, and I did not notice them after that until their pistol shots arrested my attention."

"Who is this Guff?" asked Roy.' 'There is something strangely familiar about him but I cannot now call to mind when or where I have seen him."

"He is a young man who came here sometime ago, perhaps not more than a year, from where I could never find out, but evidently southerner by birth, but from what part I do not know. He has been employed in a down town saloon. I have met him frequently at the different pleasure resorts but never knew of him having trouble with anyone. He formed my brother's acquaintance at our home when he came by invitation to visit me. Brother Henry was always a very quiet boy, and unlike myself, cared little or nothing for these pleasure resorts or any other exciting amusement. He was what one might call a stay-at-home boy, and I used to laugh at him because he was always tied to mother's apron strings, as I was pleased to term it. His first appearance in the saloons and beer gardens was shortly after his first acquaintance with Will Guff. From the start they were almost inseparable companions, and where one went you would be sure to find the other. If they had ever had any trouble I was not aware of it."

"But what are you going to do about it? How will this strange affair be explained when the dead body of your brother is brought home? Will not the whole affair be investigated and the owners of that vile place be prosecuted?"

"That will be easily managed; but you and I must not mention a word of what we have seen to-night. When you see an account of it in the morning papers you must appear to be as much surprised as if you had not known of the tragedy."

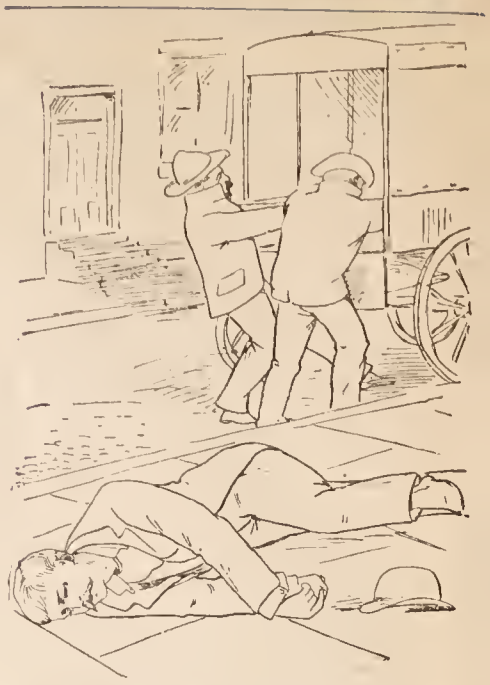
The Sunday papers contained long, but very inaccurate, accounts of a horrible double murder, and the finding of the dead men in the street in that part of the city made notorious by a number of mysterious murders, or more properly the finding of murdered men who came to their death in a mysterious manner, which could never be satisfactorily explained.

The body of Henry Foster was identified and taken to the home of his father, where it was prepared for burial.

The body of Guff was taken to the morgue and placed on exhibition, where it was viewed by thousands of persons; some out of curiosity, and others to learn, if possible, who the dead man was, but he was not identified by anyone except a few unconcerned acquaintances who passed on and in the rush and clamor of business soon dismissed the affair entirely. But Roy was so completely impressed with the resemblance of the dead man to someone he had known, that he procured the services of an artist, and had a likeness taken before the body was buried in the potter's field.

Detectives were employed to ferret out the strange murder, but the mystery still remains unsolved, and to all, except to those who witnessed it, it will always remain so; unless, perchance, someone whose conscience will not give him rest exposes this with many other dark deeds.

Reader, is it your neighbor with whom you associate every day, who is responsible for this, only one of many similar tragedies? Can you tell from an outward appearance what awful secret is lurking in the breast of that man who is the proprietor of a saloon, from the smallest and most unpretentious to the finest gilded palace of iniquity? There are deeds committed behind those screen doors that would open the eyes of the nation with uncontrollable alarm were they done openly. Somebody's conscience is worrying his life away just now because of this sin, and his name is legion. There is a legislator who by a vote against his own conscience gave us a license law by which men are protected in the monster evil of our nation. What are his enjoyments? Ask him! Is there pleasure in his life worth the living for? "Woe unto him who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's mouth, and maketh him drunken also,"



The dead men were quickly taken from the wagon.

Reader, can you tell me who is the greater murderer, the man who deliberately takes aim, pulls the trigger that discharges the cap and fires the powder that sends the leaden ball through his victim's heart, or the man who, shielded by law, deals out little by little that which is no less fatal than the means employed by the former and at the end results the same to his victim?

As soon as the shooting occurred, and Will Guff and Henry Foster were found dying, their bodies were concealed so that there could be no traces of the tragedy visible to anyone coming in later in the night, and those who did witness it were so intoxicated or so accustomed to such scenes in that wicked place that they paid no attention to it, and the shooting was soon forgotten; and as the bodies were removed before the men ceased to breathe, only a few knew the shooting was fatal.

At a late hour in the night, and when the merriment was at the highest, a covered wagon was driven up by the side of an out-building and two or three men hastily lifted the dead bodies into the wagon and drove rapidly away.

They drove away in a westerly direction for three or four squares, and then turned into an alley and for more than a mile wound around first one way and then another, purposely to evade any one who might have chanced to follow them.

The wagon was stopped at the entrance to a dark alley in that part of the city where there is but little travel at a late hour of night, and the dead men were quickly taken from the wagon and left lying in the street a few feet apart.

Shortly after the men had driven away a lone woman chanced to pass that way on her return home after a vain search for her husband who was spending his week's wages in some saloon or gambling room, while his helpless family were at their home suffering for the necessaries of life.

She ran onto the dead men before noticing them in the darkness. She was so overcome with fright that she could do nothing more than scream for help and then fainted in the street. Assistance came, and the lady was restored to reason after a long while.

The dead men were taken in charge by the proper officials, and the cause of their death still remained a mystery.

Roy was on duty as usual on Monday morning, and had so completely recovered from his frightful experience of Saturday night that there was no signs of his recent excitement.

The mysterious finding of the murdered men was discussed by everyone, and various rumors were heard on every side, but Roy said nothing about it to anyone.

The day passed away and Guy did not come to the store, but at an early hour in the evening he called at Roy's room. They closed the door and sat down in silence. Guy was pale and weak. The heavy burden on his mind was weighing him down. Finally he drew his chair close beside Roy, and said—

"Roy, have you spoken to anyone to-day about the tragedy?"

"No, I have not—only in a general conversation with others who were talking about it."

"I am glad you have not, and it is for

that I came to talk with you to-night."

"I am ready to hear anything you have to say."

"First promise me that you will not repeat a word of what I am about to say."

"You have my promise; go on."

'The murder of my brother and Will Guff is only one among the many horrible deeds committed there. The visitors have become accustomed to rows, fights and bloodshed but it is never mentioned on the outside. A dead body is easily concealed and removed so that suspicion of that place is never thought of. A stranger is closely watched, and should you ever speak of this matter I cannot say what trouble it might lead you into and I should not like to be responsible for the result if it reaches the ears of the proprietors that you even knew that the affair ended so seriously. There are none of your acquaintances who know that you were there, and, therefore, no one will question you."

"I assure you that I will never say anything about it to anyone. But have you not learned something as to the cause of the shooting?"

"Yes. In Henry's room I found letters written by Guff, threatening him with exposure if he did not be more prompt in furnishing money which he had incited him to filch from father. One of the letters was written on Saturday morning and delivered by a carrier, in which he made an appointment with Henry at the beer garden, and urged him to come prepared with a considerable sum of money; adding that he meant business and would stand no foolishness. In their early acquaintance he gave Henry a picture of himself, which he said was taken five years ago."

As he closed his remarks he took from his pocket the picture and handed it to Roy.

Roy gazed steadfastly at the picture for a few moments and then turned deathly pale, and let it fall to the floor.

Guy was frightened at the sudden change, and looked at Roy in bewilderment.

At length Roy picked up the picture and handed it back to Guy without speaking a word.

"Why, Roy, what makes you act so strangely? Can it be possible that you know the picture?"

"Yes."

"Then who is it?"

"That is Jim Goff, who ran away from near my old Kentucky home more than a year ago, and it is believed he murdered an innocent old negro woman before he left there. I knew him when a boy, but he had so changed in looks since last I saw him that I did not recognize him, although I could readily see a familiar resemblance to someone I had known. He was always looked upon as being a dangerous boy. Very early in life he became a hard drinker, and when intoxicated was the terror of the neighborhood. He was once a bright, intelligent boy, and bid fair to make a useful man, but whisky got the best of him, and before he reached manhood he was a total wreck, and now he occupies a drunkard's grave with at least two murders to answer for at the throne of justice."

Roy had learned a lesson that he would not soon forget, and he was determined to profit by it, and if possible see the inside of other noted places of like character.

He had been true to every trust ever since he had been in the store, and by rigid economy had saved up a considerable amount of money. Mr. Gaylord trusted him implicitly, and much of the responsibility of the large business from that time forward devolved upon him; and his salary had been raised from time to time until no one in the city commanded better pay for labor, and as his habits were of the best character, and his ambition to gain wealth, by honesty, such, that his income over his actual expenses and the amount regularly sent to his mother, soon piled up a handsome bank account, besides a few hundred dollars back on his salary, and which he had not drawn because he thought it quite as safe with Mr. Gaylord as it would be in the bank.

There was employed in the store a middle-aged man who was there when Roy came, and about whom the employes knew but very little. He was known by the name of Si, and while not very communicative generally, was nevertheless honored and respected by everyone for his kind and genial disposition. He appeared to take an unusual interest in Roy and spent a good deal of his leisure time with him. He was a willing talker but always evaded all allusion to his personal affairs. He knew all about the numerous pleasure resorts and never lost an opportunity to warn Roy of the danger of visiting those places.

One evening when they were alone he asked Roy if he had ever been at the Wineard beer garden, and then watched him very closely to see what effect an allusion to that place would have upon him.

"Yes; I was there once a long while ago with Guy Foster, but did not remain very long."

"And did you see anything amusing or otherwise?"

"Of course I was surprised and amazed. Why should I not at my first visit to such a place? You know one cannot fully realize the true character of those places by reading of them as the half can never be written as it appears to an eye witness."

"Do you intend to ever repeat your visit to that place?"

"No, sir; one evening was quite enough for me, I assure you. But I mean to visit other places to learn what I may of their character."

"No doubt you will be amply paid for your trouble, but what ever you do, shun the very appearance of all pretentious friends whom you may for the first time meet there, and avoid those who would have you take part in anything practiced there. You will find many cunning schemers. Look out for them."

Roy appreciated the warning words of his friend and assured him that he was ever on the alert and always fortified against all such characters as sought to do him personal harm.

Si proposed to Roy that they go together on the next Saturday night to one of the most notorious resorts in the city. The place was carried on under the guise of a respectable (?) saloon, when in reality it was a den of infamy of the lowest character.

The arrangement for their visit of inspection was quickly completed, and it was understood that Si was to go in disguise, "for," said he, "it is known by most people that I am an enemy to those hell-holes and if I should go openly I might get into serious trouble."

This was rather in the nature of a surprise to Roy. He was puzzled to know why he should be so cautious. Could it be that he was acting the part of a private detective, and was known to the saloon keepers as such? thought he, but he could arrive at no definite conclusion and finally ceased worrying about it.

On the appointed evening for their visit Si appeared so completely disguised that Roy did not readily recognize him. They went out together about eight o'clock and were soon at the fashionable saloon of John Geyer, where we will leave them to spend the evening.

CHAPTER X.—GEORGE AND HARRY HINES.

Diligent search was continued for Colonel Lovelace, and as time passed and he could no where be found, the mystery widened. It was soon noised abroad that he had left his home to visit the saloon in search of his son Hugh, after which all traces of him were entirely lost. But sly hints were thrown out here and there that the Hines' knew more about the affair than they were willing should be made public; but no proof of any consequence could be established against them, and the matter was for the time dropped, so far as they were concerned publicly, but private opinion was still strongly against them, and their saloon was more closely watched than ever before.

When Colonel Lovelace made himself known in that assembly so unexpectedly on that fatal night, George Hines was so completely enraged with fear and anger that his first impulse was to retreat and leave everything behind, but no sooner had the boys all left the scene than he sprang upon the lone man like a vicious beast, and by a powerful effort threw him to the floor. Colonel Lovelace sprang to his feet and instantly met his antagonist. The two men clinched in a desperate struggle. George Hines was so overcome with liquor that his strength soon failed and he was about to give up in despair when Harry rushed into the room, and seeing his brother weakening, ran to his assistance, and grabbing hold of Colonel Lovelace, by desperate effort, hurled him

Harry ran to his assistance.

through the open door and head-long down the stairway into the room below. The fall broke his neck, but no other marks of violence could be seen upon his body.

George and Harry Hines were there alone with the dead man, and how to conceal the body and hide their guilt was a matter difficult to decide. But something must be done quickly for daylight was only a few hours away and their dead must be disposed of in some way or their guilt would be made known.

In the rear end of the building there was a cellar, or kind of a dungeon, used for storing away boxes, barrels and rubbish. To this lonely place the body was then carried and hastily prepared for burial.

Were two brothers ever in deeper anguish? This was their first great crime. Think of it, at that silent hour of midnight in a dungeon with a dead man, and they his murderers. Did the pleadings of their mother then fall upon their ears and sink deep down into their once strong hearts?

Yes; and they would then have given all the wealth of all the saloon-keepers of Kentucky could they have called back the deed they had done. But it was too late! Alas, too late!

A rude grave was hastily dug in the remotest corner of the cellar, into which the body was placed, having first been wrapped in a soldier's blanket. The grave was filled up with dirt and leveled over so that no traces were left of the silent resting place of Colonel Lovelace. Barrels and boxes were carefully arranged and the rubbish scattered around so that there was no sign left of confusion in the cellar.

At the usual early hour on the following morning the saloon was opened and customers were coming and going as usual and no one could have guessed from the outward appearance of George and Harry Hines that a murder had been committed there during the night.

Mrs. Haywood caused the two Hines', her son Willie and Hugh Lovelace to be summoned before the grand jury, but nothing could be proven against the saloon-keepers more than that minors had been allowed unlawful privileges in the saloon. For this they were brought into court, tried and fined a small amount which they willingly paid, and were thankful to escape so easily.

From that time forward their business began to decrease, and the real character of the men and their place of business became more apparent. The would-be respectable drinker withdrew his patronage and returned to his old accustomed way of drinking from his own jug.

In a very short time their only customers were of the lower class of drunkards who pay but little and drink a great deal. At the end of two years they found their business a total wreck, as well as a great number of the young men whom they found moving in respectable society when they first came to the town.

George and Harry were shrewd enough to lay up a handsome bank account against the time for their final crash which they knew must come; and to escape the vengeance of an outraged people, they left the place in the darkness of night, and when next heard of were well on their way to Canada. Their sudden disappearance naturally created an excitement and set tongues to wagging that had been silent for some time on the subject of the Lovelace affair, which was still shrouded in mystery.

Enraged creditors rushed in and all the real estate and personal property belonging to the Hines Brothers was seized by the sheriff and disposed of to the best advantage, and the proceeds applied on the debts.

The saloon was first unlocked by the sheriff two weeks after it had been closed by the absconding owners, and a personal investigation was made in all the apartments by the officers and a number of interested citizens, among whom were Hugh Lovelace and Willie Haywood. The lower rooms having been examined the explorers ascended the stairs to the room where Colonel Lovelace so mysteriously disappeared on that fatal night. All were silently viewing the furniture and fixtures, when Hugh Lovelace caused a ripple of excitement by speaking aloud apparently as one in a dream.

"It was here that I last saw my father! Can it be that he is here now?"

The last sentence had not fallen from his lips until all eyes were turned upon him as he shrank from their gaze like a trapped tiger.

Sheriff Taylor was the first to speak—

"When did you see your father here, Hugh? You must be mistaken or beside yourself. Colonel Lovelace was a temperance man and never went into places like this."

"No; father would not have come in here for any price. I must have been dreaming."

"You were not dreaming," said Willie Haywood. "Hugh, we may as well tell all we know and ease our own conscience of the secret we have so long kept."

He then related to Sheriff Taylor and the interested spectators, how he and Hugh had been sought after by George and Harry Hines; how they had been hid away in the saloon from time to time, and taught to play cards and drink beer and whisky until the place became dearer to them than their own pleasant homes; and how they had time after time deceived their parents by pretending to be in respectable society when in fact their whole leisure time was spent there in company with the common drunkard and gambler, and concluded by relating the unexpected appearance of Colonel Lovelace in their midst on that memorable night, and how he and Hugh had endeavored to escape before being detected.

"Why have you not let this be known long ago?" said Sheriff Taylor.

"From fear of exposure, I suppose. We were not willing to let our mothers know we had been here, and consequently our lips have been sealed to the truth. We were here, with a number of others, and saw Mr. Lovelace when he removed his disguise, and heard him talking to George Hines as we went out. Further than that we have no knowledge of him."

This rather unexpected information startled everyone present, and when Willie had finished his remarks, it was suggested that every nook and corner of the building be diligently searched with the hope of finding some clew to the mystery, as it was now very generally believed that Colonel Lovelace had been murdered by the Hines' and the body hid away to evade an exposure of their disgraceful business and their arrest for the murder. But a careful search failed to throw any light on the mystery, and all hope again faded away; but it was always talked of as the Hines murderous outrage.

CHAPTER XI.—HETTIE IN A STRANGE LAND.

The brutal murder of the poor old harmless negro woman caused great excitement in the neighborhood; and Uncle Mose was so completely prostrated with grief that it was many days before he rallied sufficiently to fully comprehend his lonely and helpless condition.

Mrs. Hines persuaded him to abandon the cabin and gave him a comfortable room in her own house where he might be cared for by herself and Hettie.

The only cause for the murder that could be accounted for was that Aunt Dorcas was known to have had some money which she had earned and saved up since her emancipation. This was conceded to be the only possible excuse for the horrible crime, since it was known that the innocent old woman had no enemies in all that country.

It was supposed that the drunken ruf-

fians had planned to compel Uncle Mose to leave the cabin on some pretense or other, and while he was away get possession of the little amonnt of money in some way, and that Jim Goff had becn selected to get the money in any way he could. He was nerved by a plentiful snpply of whisky, and when he found that murder was the only alternative by which he might accomplish his purpose, he was so completely overpowered with the demon of strong drink that he unhesitatingly committed the deed, and when he realized what he had done, was afraid to trust his companions, and before they returned he disappeared in the darkness and was not again seen by them.

It was never positively known who the men were that forced Uncle Mose away from his cabin, but there was no doubt of the guilt of Jim Goff.

Mrs. Hines had been for a long while rapidly sinking under her great burden of grief, and when George and Harry's financial wreck was made known to her it was a great shock, and when it was told her that they were accused of murder, she was so completely prostrated that she never rallied again, and within a few weeks followed her husband across the dark river; and she, too, was numbered with the dead.

Thus a noble mother's life was crushed out by the shipwreck of her worthless sons, who were made so by the strange acquired appetite for whisky. Alas! "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Hettie was left alone among friends, but still she felt that they were strangers since there were none of her kin. She knew that George and Harry had gone to Canada, and she determined to go there in search of them, but without the remotest idea of where she would find them when she got there, for they had not made their whereabouts known to anyone.

Her friends, Mrs. Berry and Ola, seriously objected to her undertaking what they endeavored to persuade her would be a foolish undertaking and a fruitless search. But she was resolute and any amount of persuasion failed to change her plans.

"I will search all over Canada," said she, "and when I have found George and Harry I will then write to you and in time I will return again to my home."

With a heavy heart, but determined purpose, Hettie left her home to go where she knew not. She was indeed as a stranger in a strange land. She was a devout Christian, and her hourly prayer was that she might find her brothers and again be united with them. But, alas! her fond hope would never be realized.

Hope of ultimate success is the lever that pushes many frail barques out upon the billowy tide of fame or some other cherished result. But too often one undertakes impossibilities for human agencies and builds upon sandy foundations.

One short week after Hettie had left her home in the sunny south she found herself in the great city of Toronto, and not a familiar face to look upon nor a friend to speak to.

She had walked the streets for several hours, and in the busy throng had looked in the faces of thousands of strangers in a vain hope of seeing her brothers.

At last, tired and weary, she sat down upon a seat near the stand of an old apple vender. She had not remained there but a few minutes when the old woman noticed her and approaching within a few feet of her, and eyeing her very closely, she said:

"Miss, I 'spect you be tired."

"Miss, I 'speck you be tired; you look weak. Are you a stranger here?"

"Yes," answered Hettie; "I am here looking for my brothers, George and Harry Hines, and I have walked until I am almost tired to death."

"And whare moit ye live, miss?"

"My home is in the United States and in southern Kentucky. My father and mother are dead, and my only two brothers are somewhere in this country, and the hope of finding them has brought me here."

"Poor darlint, you are too young and handsome to be in this wicked city alone; come home with me and get a cup o' tea and it will strengthen ye."

She tumbled the fruit promiscuously into a large basket, which she took on her arm, and beckoned to Hettie to follow her.

They walked a long way when they finally turned into an ally and the old woman stopped at the entrance to an open hall, and here, for the first time since they started, she ceased muttering to herself and addressed Hettie. She said:

"Miss, this is my home. It is a dreadful poor one but better than to be in the streets all the time."

Hettie then for the first time fully realized her surroundings. She had lived to trust everybody, and little did she know of the evil lurking in the old woman's wicked heart when she so easily fell a prey to her scheme. She was the first person who had spoken a kind word to her in that strange city, and with her innocent, trustful nature she was like a harmless dove under the power of the serpent's charm.

Passing through the hall, they ascended a rickety old stairway and through another hall, and then up another stairway. Here she took from her pocket a bunch of keys, and, selecting one, unlocked the door and ushered Hettie into a dingy room. A careful survey of the surroundings convinced her that she had been decoyed into a place, to say the least of it, not particularly inviting. The ceiling was low and there was but one very small window, through which the sun shone in feeble rays. Upon the walls there were no paintings or other pictures, the floor was partially covered with a faded and ragged carpet; a bed stood in one corner, a few chairs and other articles of little consequence, such as old dilapidated furniture, completed the make-up of this home of apparent poverty.

But in reality this was the hiding place of a band of thieves. They were not murderers, but a quiet thieving gang, whose business it was to decoy innocent, unsuspecting people into this out-of-the-way place under various pretenses, and then in some way manage to rob them of whatever money or valuables they might have. There were a number of them in the guise of apple peddlers, rag-pickers and professional street beggars. They were principally wealthy, miserly people, and had carried on this kind of business for a number of years without successful exposure.

The woman who had introduced herself as Mrs. Lafferty, pointed to a chair and asked Hettie to sit down and then drew a chair up near beside her and seated herself.

"Now, miss, you will tell me something more of your history," said Mrs. Lafferty, "and after awhile we will have something to eat."

Hettie shuddered with fear as she looked the woman squarely in the face and thought she saw pictured there her true character; and she breathed a silent prayer to Almighty God for protection.

Mrs. Lafferty, seeing her agitation and divining her suspicion, continued—

"You are too fatigued from your long walk to talk now, and we will have something to strengthen us, being as I am also very tired.

She arose and went into an adjoining room and closed the door after her.

In a few minutes she returned with a pitcher of beer and two glasses. Filling a glass, she handed it to Hettie, saying:

"Drink that and you will feel better and directly we'll have a cup o' tea."

"I am obliged to you for your kindness, madam," said Hettie, "and you will please excuse me if I refuse to drink with you. I never drink beer."

The old woman looked at Hettie and her eyes sparkled with indignation as she shrugged her shoulders and snapped out:

"I reckon ye're a foine lady and belong to an aristocratic family who drink foine wines! Well, I am glad enough to get beer," and thus concluding she took the glass proffered to Hettie and drank the contents, and then refilled and emptied it again.

"You are mistaken, madam," said Hettie, "I do not belong to an aristocratic family, as you suppose. I one belonged to a wealthy and happy family, but I am now alone in the world."

"Why, miss, you are again becoming excited," said Mrs. Lafferty; "don't be frightened, but—come tell me how you happened to be here alone."

Hettie thought that even though one might be unexpectedly thrown into a lion's den that the best way out of the difficulty was to make an open confession, and consequently she commenced away back in her early childhood days and related nearly everything that had befallen herself and family.

Mrs. Lafferty was a willing listener, and appeared to be greatly interested in Hettie's narration of her father's downfall, tracing it truthfully, as she did, to his manufacture and sale of liquor; the sad story of her brothers' career, and her mother's untimely death from a crushed and broken heart. She then told how her brothers had left for Canada, and since which time she had never heard from them.

"And you have come all the way here alone, and expect to find your brothers without even knowing their address? Impossible! They may be hundreds of miles from here now."

"I had but little idea where I was going when I left my home and friends. My only thought was to find my brothers, and in my desperation I dared to venture anywhere with the hope of once more being with them. And when I came here it was not with the slightest knowledge of what great difficulties I should encounter, and now that I am here in this great city surrounded by more than seventy-five thousand strangers and not one who I can look to as a friend to aid me, I am resolved to abandon all hope of success and return to my home alone."

"And it's wise ye are indeed, miss. But it must cost you a great deal to travel so far. Do you carry very much money with you? I reckon that's none of my business though."

"I have enough to take me back to my home again."

At hearing this, Mrs. Lafferty suddenly arose to her feet as she remarked—

"Well, I reckon it is about time we were having a cup o' tea," and leading the way they went into another adjoining room, and which was fitted up for a kitchen and dining-room combined, and had the appearance of being well supplied with all the necessaries of life.

A pot of tea had been prepared by a young girl who appeared to be acting in the capacity of a domestic. They sat down to a neatly prepared dinner, and both ate with a relish, Mrs. Lafferty being particular to see that Hettie drank a full cup of tea and urged her to take another.

The meal over they went into another room, and Hettie was seated in a large arm-chair, while the old woman busied herself with some household duty, and occasionally stopping to say something to Hettie, apparently being greatly interested in her.

Hettie soon became drowsy, and in a short time was sleeping soundly and was unconscious of everything about her. Mrs. Lafferty smiled when she saw her victim slumbering and quickly left the room to call in her assistant to proceed with their outrageous work of robbery.

CHAPTER XII.—A SCENE IN A SALOON.

When once inside the saloon Roy and Si found themselves surrounded by a gay company, all well dressed and apparently being persons moving in the higher classes of society. The bar-room was furnished in gorgeous style, and the proprietor and bar-keepers were in every particular perfect gentlemen in outward appearance.

Young men, middle-aged men, and old gray-headed men came in, drank at the bar and went out quietly or remained to join in conversation with some friend or engage in a game of pool or cards. The place had the appearance of being quite respectable.

Roy was closely watched, as all strangers are who do not drink or in some other way

"You are a detective."

take part with those who are regular customers.

The evening was rapidly passing away and nothing unusual or startling had occurred, and Roy became an uninterested spectator and was tempted to leave the place and return to his home, when in looking about among the crowd for Si he noticed that there was some attraction at the rear end of the room, and as others were coming and going without restraint, he concluded to go behind the screen partition and see what was going on there.

From that part of the room one could not be seen from the front entrance, and a door was so arranged that persons who did not like to be seen going in the front way from the street could enter and depart by a back alley and thus evade public gaze.

Roy had been there only a few minutes when a man came up, and looking him straight in the face, remarked—

"You are a detective or some other kind of an officer, I presume?"

"No, I am not, sir. I am only a spectator and came in here with a friend to spend the evening."

"I beg your pardon. There are a great many of these detectives and praying, hypocritical temperance people prying around in other people's business and we have got to look out for them lest they do us harm. Your honest expression assures me that you mean no harm."

Si had disappeared, and Roy felt that indeed he was alone; but his solitude was of short duration.

Directly, a woman came in at the back door, looked around, and then beckoned to someone on the outside. Two girls, looking to be not more than sixteen years of age, and elegantly dressed, came in and were cordially welcomed by some half dozen men who were loitering about the room. They all drank at the bar and then the woman and girls went out again and disappeared in the darkness.

Roy sat there completely bewildered. He had seen men drink at the bar in a saloon, but for a woman to do such a degrading thing was something he had never expected to see. However, he had but little time for contemplation, when the door again opened and a woman and two men came in. This woman was, from all appearance, a leader in society. She was attired in the most fashionable and gorgeous style, and might have been taken for a lady had she been seen in a place where ladies go.

Those in the room passed the usual compliments of the evening, and the woman stepped up to the bar and ordered the drinks for all in the room. Having drank a couple of glasses each, the men returned to their respective games, and the woman, crossing the room, opened a door and entered an adjoining room, which Roy could see was lighted and elegantly furnished. A half dozen women had preceded her and were enjoying themselves only as degraded women of the drinking class can. Shortly afterward a number of other women came in, some of whom were accompanied by men, and in a few minutes the room was comfortably filled with men and women, who were enjoying themselves in various ways. Some were drinking, some were playing cards and other games, while others were waltzing to piano music. The room was so adroitly arranged that the merriment on the inside

could not be heard by passers-by on the outside.

Roy watched them through the partially open door for a long while when his observation was intercepted by a colored waiter-boy who came out of a room opening to the rear of the bar. He came out leaving the door open behind him, and, crossing the hall, went into the room where the men and women were and closed the door when he had got on the inside, and Roy turned his attention to the room out of which the negro came. This place had the appearance of a sick room. A number of cots, a few chairs, and a table were all the furniture that could be seen.

A dim light was burning in the room and Roy could see two or three persons lying around on cots, and apparently in great agony. They probably were respectable drinkers sobering up from a prolonged drunken spree. The man at the bar noticed the open door and hurriedly closed it, and then cast an uneasy look at Roy, who had been gazing intently into the room.

Roy remained there only a few minutes longer, and then went into the front room again. Shortly afterward Si came in and coming up to Roy whispered something in his ear. They sat down near the middle of the room and kept their eyes fixed on the door leading to the street.

At about ten o'clock when the room was full of men and boys, someone ran in, and crowding his way up to the bar, told the proprietor that the crusaders were coming down the street, and that they had been praying and singing in all the saloons.

"Just let 'em come in here if they think it is at all safe, and I'll teach 'em a lesson that will do 'em a d——d sight more good than all their singing and praying!" said the burly proprietor.

He then commanded George, a colored servant, to bring in the dogs.

"Mr. Geyser, shoah you's bo'n, dem'er dogs 'll tar' up every livin' puson in dis ha'r room, shoah's dey get loose," said George, excitedly. "Thay's pow'ful vicious shoah's you're bo'n."

"D——n the difference; get them ready and when I whistle take off their muzzles and let them come in, and I reckon they will break up a crusade party on short notice."

The negro went out to obey the orders as he well knew further argument would avail nothing.

In a small out-building to the rear of the saloon Geyser kept two large and very vicious dogs, and had repeatedly boasted that if the women crusaders ever came into his saloon that he would turn the dogs loose among them and let them bear the consequences.

Presently the negro came into the back room with the dogs.

The dogs growled and bayed savagely, and George found it difficult to control them.

Strong men shuddered as they listened to the vicious brutes, and one by one they went out until the saloon was nearly emptied.

Roy whispered to Si, and told him that he intended to stay, and, if possible, aid the ladies if they should need protection.

"Good enough, and I will stay with you," answered Si.

In a few minutes the door opened and five ladies came in, and going up to the bar, spoke pleasantly to Mr. Geyser, and told him that they had not come to do him any harm, but that their mission was to persuade men to lead a better life; and, looking around the room congratulated him on his quiet surroundings.

"Yes," said he, "pretty d——n quiet just now, but it will not be very long if you commence any of your religious doings in here." And then, in a tantalizing manner, said to them: "If you want something to drink step right up here like ladies and I'll treat every one of you, but I don't want any of your d——n singing and praying in here, and don't you attempt it."

After receiving this rather uncomplimentary welcome, the ladies formed a circle, and kneeling on the floor, commenced singing—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Geyser stood as mute as a statue during the singing of the hymn, but when the singing ceased and the ladies had closed their eyes, and with uplifted hands were engaged in fervent devotion, and their leader, a noble Christian woman, was praying aloud, Geyser whistled, and the dogs raved and growled viciously.

Si took from his pocket a revolver, and held it, cocked, by his side.

The dogs rushed into the room, growling and snapping at everything in their way.

The ladies, undaunted, continued in earnest prayer.

Si raised his revolver and was ready to fire a deadly shot at the first attack.

The dogs came on to where the ladies were kneeling, but instead of tearing them to pieces as was intended, the first one came up and licked the face of the lady who was praying aloud and then came close to her side and laid down upon her skirts.

The other dog made a circuit of the group of devout worshippers and then emulated the example of his companion by lying down on the opposite side of the lady from the position occupied by the first dog.

They remained calm and did not stir from their position until the women ceased praying and arose to their feet.

Geyser was too greatly surprised to utter a word, but stood there looking at them and upon that solemn scene like one in a dream. He indistinctly remembered of hearing his mother read to him, when he was a small boy, something about a man who was put into a den of lions, but the lions did not harm him; and again of some one who had been cast into a fiery furnace and were not injured by the heat. These and many other things passed rapidly through this wicked man's mind and he exclaimed aloud—

"Surely there is a God whom these women serve."

Then calling his servant, he told him to muzzle the dogs and take them out.

As soon as George came near them the dogs again showed their vicious disposition, and he could not manage them until they had guarded the women safely to the door and saw them disappear in the crowd on the street.

Roy hastened away and in a short time arrived at his room again where he found a message-boy awaiting him. He received the telegram and entered the room and read the message, which was as follows:

BUNCOM, KY., March 20, 18—

"Roy, come home at once. Mother is supposed to be dying.

"OLA BERRY."

The paper dropped from his hand and fell to the floor, and Roy sat there for a long while unconscious. But after the first shock he sufficiently recovered to realize what he was doing, and at once began arranging for his journey home.

He knew that he must see Mr. Gaylord, and as it was then almost midnight he feared it might be too late, but he could not go without apprising him and he determined to do his duty, and thither he went to the mansion of Mr. Gaylord nearly a mile away, and finding him still up and alone in his library, he unceremoniously entered and was greeted pleasantly but with a somewhat puzzled look from Mr. Gaylord, who saw the troubled expression on Roy's face and inquired the cause of it.

Roy answered by handing him the telegram. He read it, and in turn a troubled look came over him.

At length Mr. Gaylord broke the silence by saying:

"Well, Roy, this has come unexpectedly, and I don't know how I can spare you just now, but perhaps your mother needs you more than I do. Go to her at once, and I hope you may not be too late."

The paper dropped from his hand.

"I am grieved to leave you," sobbed Roy, "but duty now calls me home and I must go."

"But your money is in the bank, how are you to get it if you leave to-morrow? I am also owing you a considerable amount which I will now pay you."

After a few moments deliberation, Mr. Gaylord took a book from his desk and hastily filled a check and handed it to Roy.

Roy read the check and handed it back to Mr. Gaylord, with the remark—

"Mr. Gaylord, you have made a mistake. You do not owe me that much."

"No, it is not a mistake. You may sign over your bank account to me, and that check will cover it and the amount I owe you, too."

"But this check calls for $——, and that is considerably more money than I have altogether."

"No difference what is yours and what is not. That amount is yours! I owe you a great deal for your faithfulness since you have been with me, and with this money you can go into business for yourself if circumstances are such that you cannot come back here again."

Roy expressed his gratitude as best he could under the circumstances, and then hastened back to his room to complete his arrangements so that he might leave for home early the following morning.

CHAPTER XIII.—HETTIE LOST AND ROBBED.

It was dark when Hettie awoke, and, instead of being seated in the arm-chair where she had fallen asleep, she found herself in a lone wood and lying upon the dew-moistened grass, and no light to be seen anywhere.

She arose to her feet and looked about her in the darkness, but could see no living object.

"Where is my purse and my watch?" she spoke aloud as she searched her pockets in vain for them.

"I am robbed!" she cried.

Then kneeling down in the grass where she had so recently lain unconscious of her surroundings, she breathed a fervent prayer to God for His protecting care and for strength to bear her great troubles in her utter helplessness.

As she bowed there alone and her prayers ascended to the throne of God her faith grew stronger and she took a firmer hold on the promise: "I will never leave nor forsake thee." And as she again rose to her feet these words fell from her lips as the promptings of her heart: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

Looking to the east she saw a faint ray of light and then she knew day was approaching. In the distance a cock crew, at the sound of which her heart leaped for joy, for then she realized that she must not be far from a farm house.

As the day began to dawn the eastern horizon was lighted up by the brightness of the sun not yet visible, and Hettie saw in the dim light a house not far away and the smoke coming from its chimneys assured her that someone lived there.

She resolved to go to the house and perchance she might find friendly persons who would inform her where she was, for she had no idea of her own whereabouts, how she had gotten there nor how long since she had fallen asleep in the arm-chair at Mrs. Lafferty's. She walked toward the house, but to her astonishment found her strength nearly all gone.

Once at the gate, a few steps from the house, she leaned against the fence to rest herself, and while there made a careful study of that home of wealth, and as she looked upon the beautiful grounds and magnificent house, she thought that if the people residing there were in keeping with the surroundings they might be too aristocratic to notice her or give her a word of kindness. But as she stood there debating with herself what to do, the gentle voice of a woman rang out clear and sweet on the morning air as she sang an old-time familiar hymn, as follows—

"Come to-day, while you may,
Come, and welcome be."

As the singing continued Hettie's courage increased, and she walked bravely up toward the house, and as she turned the corner in the direction where she heard the singing she came face to face with the singer. The woman looked amazed when she saw Hettie approaching, and ceased her song to give the frightened and fainting girl a cordial welcome.

But Hettie was so weak and fatigued that she could only greet the kind lady with "good morning," and she sank to the ground exhausted and unconscious."

The woman called assistance and had Hettie removed to a comfortable room in the house, and applied restoratives; but all in vain, for her condition remained unchanged. The family physician was called in, and everything known to medical skill was done to restore her, but for many days her recovery was considered very doubtful. Her life seemed to hang by a single thread, and her reason was entirely dethroned. The physician would shake his head uneasily when asked if there was hope. In her most exciting paroxysms she talked of home, of her mother, her brothers and called piteously for Roy and plead with him, in her delirium, to come to her.

Mrs. Goodwin, the good lady of the house, was untiring in her kindness and attention in the sick-room, and often at listening to Hettie's pitiful wailings was moved to tears of sympathy as she tried in every way possible to soothe the sufferer.

At last, after many days of bitter anguish, the critical moment came. The doctor told them that there would be a change in her condition within a very few hours; that she would show signs of recovery or instantly grow hopelessly worse, and that the latter was the most likely result, as she had been gradually growing weaker.

As the hour of midnight drew nigh the faithful watchers were almost breathlessly silent in their attention when they saw her gasp and then her breathing became more natural. She lay as one in a deep sleep and a peaceful smile came over her face. At last she opened her eyes and looked strangely into the faces of those about her bedside, as she asked—

"Where am I?"

"With friends," was Mrs. Goodwin's answer.

"I don't know you. Oh, where am I?"

Mrs. Goodwin kindly smoothed back the hair from the forehead of the almost lifeless girl, and soothingly begged her to keep quiet until she should regain strength sufficiently to talk.

It was many long weary days before she was able to sit up, but finally the doctor pronounced her out of danger.

She was then questioned, and when she had told the story of her life and wound up by relating her adventure with the old apple woman whom she had trusted as a friend, of her robbery and how she had awoke to find herself alone in the wood, Mrs. Goodwin was more than ever interested in her welfare, but finding her too weak to bear any excitement, she thought it best to question her no further at present.

A few days after her conversation with Hettie, Mrs. Goodwin and her husband were alone in the room when Mr. Goodwin said to his wife—

"Have you learned anything more about that young lady?"

"No: nothing more than she is constantly talking about her brothers."

"I wish we could in some way assist her to find them. Her suspense must be dreadful."

"So do I. But I know of no way to aid her in that direction."

"I have been thinking—"

Here Mr. Goodwin ceased talking, and sat like one in a dream.

"Thinking of what?" interrupted Mrs. Goodwin.

"Why, I have been thinking that there is something in her appearance that makes me think of the two young men who were killed in that railroad wreck below Toronto last summer."

"You don't say! Could it be possible that they were her brothers?"

"That is just what I was coming to. After the wreck was cleared away the dead were all recognized and claimed by their friends except two young men, whom the trainmen said had traveled a long way and carried with them a good deal of baggage and had a large amount of money in their possession, and in looking through their valises with the hope of finding something by which they might be identified the only thing found was the picture of what was supposed to be a family group."

"How many persons were there represented in the picture?"

"Five. An elderly lady and gentleman,

She turned her attention to Mrs. Goodwin.

and two boys, almost grown to manhood, and one girl."

"Did you see the picture?"

"Yes. While attending the inquest I saw it, and I have been impressed ever since first looking upon the face of the sick girl that there is a most remarkable resemblance."

"Do you know what became of the picture?"

"Yes. The picture was taken with other things belonging to the dead men to the general office of the railroad and there safely stored away."

"And do you suppose there would now be any chance of getting the picture?"

"Yes; I have it," and as he took it from his pocket and handed it to Mrs. Goodwin, he continued: "Surely that is the picture of her face, though she looks to be several years older now."

Mrs. Goodwin looked long and earnestly at the picture, and a sad expression came over her face, and her eyes filled with tears as she answered her husband's anxious look.

"Yes; it is her picture, and those are her brothers whom she has well nigh sacrificed her own life to find."

"Too bad! too bad! She has found them. But alas! they are in the grave!"

"She must not know the worst now. The shock would be too great for her now until she is stronger."

"Three months later Mrs. Goodwin and Hettie were out walking together as they had been accustomed to ever since Hettie had sufficiently recovered to be out afternoons, when their conversation turned from surrounding scenes to events of the past.

"Hettie, do you still have hope of finding your brothers?" asked Mrs. Goodwin.

"Not alive," calmly answered Hettie.

"Why not alive?"

"A few nights ago I dreamed that I had found George and Harry, and that they were both dead. The dream was too real not to be true, and I shall find it so sometime."

"And would you be surprised to find them alive?"

"Yes; for I know them now only as the dead, and I am resigned to my fate."

Taking the picture from her pocket Mrs. Goodwin handed it to her without saying a word.

Hettie looked at the picture a few moments in silence, and her eyes filled with tears as she exclaimed, "Mother!" And then, growing calm, she turned her attention to Mrs. Goodwin, and asked her where she got the picture.

She told her all that she had learned from her husband; how he had gotten the picture, and all she knew of the affair.

Hettie appeared calm and perfectly resigned, since of late her troubles had come so unexpected and so severe that she had given up to almost everything that might occur.

She was assisted by Mr. Goodwin in finding the railroad officials and from them learned the sad particulars of George and Harry's terrible death. She got considerable money left by them, and over their graves she erected a handsome marble monument, upon which, as a warning to others, she had these words engraved in bold letters—

"Beware of strong drink!"

Hettie remained several weeks longer with Mrs. Goodwin, to whom she had become so greatly attached that it was hard to part with her forever. But she longed to be at her old home again, and when her arrangements were about completed to leave for home she wrote a brief note as follows, and posted it to her friend, Ola Berry:

DEAR OLA.—When I left you I promised to write when I had found George and Harry. I have, after so long a time, found them, and I am now preparing to return home. I shall leave here on next Monday. Best wishes to all. Hope to be with you soon. I feel a horror for the lake voyage, but of course it is folly to think of danger. Sincerely your friend,

HETTIE HINES.

In all the twelve months Hettie had been in Canada she had never heard from Roy. Her letters had all been returned and marked "not found." She did not know that Roy had left the north and returned to his southern home, and when her letters were sent back she was grieved lest some misfortune had befallen him, but still she had hope of one day finding him, and this hope was her anchor, both sure and steadfast, and she lived on day by day with a confiding assurance of some time being re-united with him.

She hastily completed her arrangements and at the appointed time bid her friends and protectors a long farewell, and left them with sorrowful hearts as she journeyed homeward.

CHAPTER XIV.—ROY AT HOME.

Roy made all possible haste and arrived home on the second day after he received the telegram. As he came in sight of his home and looked again upon the dear old scenes of his boyhood days his heart leaped with joy, but when the thought came into his mind like a flash that he might not find his mother alive, joy for the present turned to sorrow, and he approached the house with a sad, heavy heart. But when once inside the house he was welcomed by his mother's smile, and all his sorrow was changed to rejoicing.

Mrs. Berry lingered between life and death for many weeks, but by good medical attention and the best of nursing she was again restored to her usual health, and was once more happy with her reunited family.

During all this time Roy had tried in vain to learn something of the whereabouts of Hettie. He had written to every point where he thought it at all likely a letter would reach her, but they all came back postmarked "not called for." He advertised for her in a number of Canada newspapers, and still no tidings of her came.

He decided to wait yet a little while with the hope that she might become discouraged in what he considered a useless search for George and Harry and return home. He watched the daily mails and eagerly scanned the columns of the newspapers with the hope of getting some clew to her whereabouts, but no information ever came to gladden his heart.

Roy decided to remain at home with his mother, and not return to the north, although he received a number of letters from Mr. Gaylord, urging him to do so just as soon as he could again leave his mother.

At that time real estate in southern Kentucky was being sold far below its real value, and Roy very wisely decided to invest his money in land and engage in farming and stock-raising in the future. A tract of four hundred acres of finely timbered and valuable farm land lying between the Hines' plantation and Mrs. Berry's small estate, was offered for sale very cheap, the owner having left it and settled in the northwest during the late war. Roy realized that within a few years the land would more than double its present cost in value, and considering it in that sensible light he lost no time in purchasing the entire tract. After paying for the land he had money enough left to buy stock and machinery and enter into farming on a larger scale which was profitable for him from the first notwithstanding his inexperience.

Time passed along and his hope of Hettie's voluntary return faded away and his grief became almost unbearable. Thus the long winter passed away and in the early spring he resolved to make a trip to Canada with the hope of tracing her by hotel registers and other means which he would employ when once there. He remained at home and superintended his farm work until the crops were all planted, and then having employed sober, industrious laborers to work in his absence, he left for Canada, to be gone, if necessary, during the summer.

He went direct to Toronto, and as soon as he arrived there, proceeded to examine all the hotel registers in the city. This required much more time and labor than one not experienced would suppose. He searched page by page but no familiar name was written on any of them. Thus day and night for many weeks he labored in vain until he had thoroughly examined all the hotel and boarding house registers in the city. He next resorted to the banks, but could find no checks that would in any way aid him. He finally became discouraged, and gave up all hope of finding her there.

He decided to visit other cities and towns in Canada, and pursue the same course he had followed in Toronto, and also to use the newspapers and all means available to find her. He received a letter from home every week, but still no tidings came of Hettie. When he had done everything in his power and all had failed he gave up in despair and prepared to return home.

It was the middle of August when Roy Berry again landed in the United States. He had scarcely stepped from the steamer which brought him over when his attention was arrested by a newsboy crying out in loud, shrill tones—

"Chicago *Tribune*—all about the lake disaster!"

Roy lost no time in buying a paper and hastily read the account. The steamer was a small vessel and loaded to her greatest capacity. Somewhere on the lake she was lost in a gale. The officers had become careless and the engineer and pilot were both drunk, and consequently incapable of managing the vessel, and when the wind struck them they were driven out of their course and lashed about at the mercy of the gale. The waves rolled high, and still higher, and every moment the frail vessel in the power of the raging elements threatened to go to pieces. The captain warned the frightened passengers to prepare for the worst. "For," said he, "she cannot stand the storm twenty minutes longer!" The vessel's ballast of boxes and bundles of goods of every description, and horses and cattle were being tossed about promiscuously, while among the passengers there was the wildest confusion, save with those who were in a drunken stupor, and did not realize what was coming, and every possible means of escape was secured. Hettie was among the excited crowd, but unlike the rest of the passengers, she was undaunted by the raging billows which would soon sweep over the three hundred persons who were passengers on the ill-fated steamer and probably sink them all together to the bottom of the lake.

At last all hope vanished as the captain informed them that she was going down. Five minutes later and her tall smokestacks had disappeared beneath the waves.

But one man had been found who escaped with his life, and from his best information it was ascertained that the disaster had occurred not many miles from the shore, but the exact location was not known.

Roy was strangely affected when he read the very imperfect report, and his thoughts were, if possible, more than ever of Hettie. He could not tell why it was that her image was constantly coming up before him as his mind pictured the helpless men and women struggling for life amid the turbulent waves which closed in and covered in the depths of the lake the lifeless bodies of the greater number of the passengers and crew.

Roy tried in vain to learn more of the horrible affair, but there was no way possible to obtain a list of the names of the passengers as the rescued man was a stranger to all those who were aboard the doomed steamer.

Roy had intended to continue his journey homeward that afternoon, but he changed his mind and determined to remain there for a day or two, or until he might learn something more. As night came on and the guests at the hotel had ceased thinking and talking of the lake disaster and were enjoying themselves in innocent social amusements, Roy was uneasy and could not enjoy himself in the gay and happy crowd, and he walked out so that he might in solitude brood over his troubles. He strolled out and down near the edge of the lake, and upon a high peak over-looking the water he found a seat and sat down to meditate. He briefly recalled his past life; his mind went back to the hour when he left Hettie with the promise to return and claim her when he had provided for her a comfortable home. That promise he had kept sacred; he had been successful beyond his most sanguine expectations; but alas! for his fondest hope, the idol of his life, had flown like an uncaged dove and he was left to mourn for the living, yet dead to him, forever, so far as he then knew.

Thus his thoughts wandered from one event to another until a late hour in the night, when he was aroused from his reverie by some strange sound coming from the direction of the lake. He sprang to his feet and looked anxiously out upon the smooth surface of the water. In the dim moonlight he thought that he could see an object of some kind floating along slowly toward the shore. It was afar off and in the faint light Roy could not discern whether it was a living object or not. As he was gazing intently and was about to decide that it was a human being, a cloud eclipsed the moon and darkness closed around him for a few moments, and then the feeble light appeared again. The floating object came nearer and nearer. Roy watched in breathless silence, and his heart almost ceased its pulsation as his ear caught the weak but distinct words, which, when connected, form the following sentence:

"My God! hast Thou forsaken me?"

Who can it be? was Roy's first thought, and as he was about to turn away and run back to the hotel to give the alarm and call for help, a woman's voice, soft and low, floated over the surface of the water in familiar strains as she feebly sang—

"Rocked on the bosom of the deep,
Lord, I trust Thee; Thou will ever keep."

The voice grew fainter and fainter until it was entirely lost before the last lines of the song were reached.

Roy again turned to go, but was this time arrested by the same voice, but in feebler tones, calling his own name, and then he became desperate. The voice was again lost and everything was as silent as the grave, but still the floating object with its human freight was slowly coming nearer the shore, and Roy could now plainly see that it was the form of a woman.

A small boat lay anchored by the shore a few rods away. Roy ran with all possible haste and loosened the boat from its mooring, leaped into it and rowed with all his power toward the floating craft, but before he reached it another cloud obscured the moon, and he was compelled to anchor for a few minutes. While thus surrounded with darkness his ear again caught the same sweet voice in song only a few rods away—

"Beautiful hands, beckoning hands,
Calling me away to heavenly lands,"

Roy urged his boat forward, and a few strokes of the oars brought him along side a woman lying upon a piece of broken timber. He leaned over her and saw that she was too weak to as much as move her hand. He lifted her head upon his arm and as he did so their eyes met and in the same breath, they exclaimed—

"Hettie!"

"Roy!"

* * * * * *

A few days later Roy and Hettie returned together to their old Kentucky home, and their coming created the greatest excitement in the neighborhood that had been known since the close of the war. A number of their friends had gone along

"Hettie!" "Roy!"

way to meet them and welcome them home again, and there was joy and sorrow mingled together in each heart. Joy for the safe return of Hettie, who was the pride of all her young friends, of whom she had many, as well as all the elder persons within the boundary of her almost unlimited acquaintance; and sorrow for the sad ending of two young lives of once noble young men whom everyone in that neighborhood had loved and respected in their youth while they were innocent and free from the accursed monster evil—liquor!

Uncle Mose was so greatly overjoyed that for a time he forgot his rheumatism and old age and fairly danced for joy.

"Fur the good Lawd's sake, Miss Hettie, w'at am you w'arin' ov black mourning fur?" when he saw her in full mourning.

Hettie explained to him all about George and Harry's death, and this was the first intimation Mose had of the fate of his young friends, and as Hettie related to him all that she thought best for him to know, his poor sympathetic heart ran over with honest sorrow and he wept like a child.

CHAPTER XV.—HAPPINESS AT LAST.

For the past few years Roy had scarcely lived the real, but merely existed on the faith with which his hope was fixed for the near future. He started out for himself very early in life, but not until he had carefully considered what he was doing and sincerely obeyed the scriptural injunction: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." In this light he could see no time for idleness or immorality. He now, more than ever before, saw the wisdom of his course in life, and he most graciously thanked his heavenly father for protection through his boyhood years while he was thrown among those who were tempted and yielded—and were lost! He too would have fallen had he not listened to the whisperings of his own conscience and left the distillery when he did. His success financially was phenomenal, and only an occasional one meets with his good fortune in that respect.

Hettie could attribute the cause of so much sorrow allotted to her to nothing she had done herself. Perhaps it was the bitter experience of a young life to sweeten middle-age. Be that as it may, she had drank the cup to its dregs.

About that time a powerful temperance revival was in progress in that part of the state, and public meetings were being held in school-houses, churches, and at private houses. Roy took great interest in these meetings, and contributed largely to their success, and as the old Hines' distillery building was still standing on the land that he had recently purchased, he suggested that it should be converted into a temperance tabernacle. Accordingly the place was comfortably fitted up with a seating capacity for a large audience and a platform for the orators. Persons came from a long distance to these meetings and great good was accomplished. The tabernacle was also made a place for the worship of all religious denominations, and scarcely a sabbath passed without a powerful sermon of some nature being preached there. It was in a short time known throughout the country as the Berry Union Meeting House.

Just one year from the time Roy and Hettie returned home a double wedding took place and the ceremony was pronounced in the old distillery meeting-house, and near the spot where Roy had spent many hours at labor in his youthful days. Hettie was the picture of beauty and contentment as she appeared in her bridal costume, and Roy was justly proud of his fair young bride.

John Henderson was no less proud of Ola, for in her he found a wife who in every particular would be a help-meet through life.

Three years later we find Hugh Lovelace a raving maniac occupying a cell in an inebriate asylum, while his mother, with a broken heart, is bending over the grave in which she will soon rest. Her property has all been sacrificed in a vain effort to reclaim her boy from the drunkard's certain doom.

Mrs. Haywood died of a broken heart when she found that no amount of persuasion would win Willie back from intemperance, which she saw was fast robbing him of every principle of his natural manliness.

Mrs. Berry has found a pleasant home alternately with Roy and Ola, and her declining days are made happy because she has lived to see her children attain to a position where they can be a blessing not only to her and their own families, but their boundless charity has brought to many homes happiness.

Roy is the most successful farmer and stock dealer in southern Kentucky, and while he cannot number his cattle on a thousand hills, he can number them by the thousands on the hills of more than a thousand acres of his own land. He furnishes employment for scores of poor laborers, and in consequence is of more real value than any of his predecessors.

Uncle Mose is too old and feeble to do any kind of work, and much of his time is spent in childish amusements with Thomas Hines Berry, who is the first born of the third generation since he has been connected with the family as a slave and a free man.

[THE END.]

"THE WAY TO ARCADY."

"Oh, what's the way to Arcady, to Arcady, to Arcady?
Oh, what's the way to Arcady, where all the leaves are merry!"

So sang Harry Arden, in a full rich tenor voice, until he was suddenly interrupted in his jovial lay by the reproachful query—

"Harry, are you ever going to do any good in this world?"

"My dear Jennie, why should I, when doing no harm is so much more enjoyable? Sit down here and listen to these charming verses—

"Oh, what's the way to——"

"Ruin, misery, and misfortune, Harry—that's the way you are going! Oh, cousin, cannot I or anyone rouse you to a sense of your situation? Your father may die at any moment; and then what is to become of your mother?"

"And you, Jennie—I must take care of you;" and Harry Arden raised himself slowly from the grass where he had been lying under the apple tree, and looked at Jennie Melville tenderly. "When the worst comes, dear, you may rely on me. Meanwhile, what is the use of worrying? Do let us be happy while we can."

"Happy!" cried Jennie Melville, indignantly. "How can you talk or even think of happiness, with Sir Arthur dangerously ill, Lady Arden helpless, or worse, and those dreadful men in possession of everything?"

"Why not, cousin? Since I can't have the real thing, let me enjoy the ideal. Father is no worse now than he was five years ago; and, even if he were, my being miserable would not make him better. The dear little mother never troubles herself about anything, and she likes to see me cheerful and happy. For the rest, matters are just as they always have been; yet, you see, we have managed to pull through somehow."

"But those dreadful men, Harry?"

"Oh, I've telegraphed for Montagu—he'll make that all right! We've had the bailiffs at Arden Hall before now, my dear; and they seem to like it, too, by Jove! They find the way to Arcady through the beer-cellar and the servants' hall. Don't worry any more, Jennie, but just sit down and let me read to you. It will be quite time enough for you to take all the troubles of our rather distressful house on your shoulders when you are its mistress."

"That I shall never be, Harry!" said Jennie Melville, gravely. "When we became engaged a year ago, you promised me you would rouse yourself and try to do something to free the estate from its load of encumbrances and preserve the dear old home for your mother; you said you would put your shoulder manfully to the wheel and build up the fallen fortunes of the family—work for freedom and honest independence. And what have you done? Nothing, nothing!"—and Jennie's eyes gleamed with scorn and contempt. "You have failed miserably; and I have come this morning to tell you that I consider our engagement at an end—quite at an end! I am ashamed of you, Harry?"

"And I am proud of you," returned Harry, looking up with lazy admiration at the fair, flushed, troubled face. "But, at the same time, dear, I think you are a little unjust. I have been working this summer like a galley-slave. There is my volume of "Lyrics for an Old Lute" almost finished; three acts of my drama are finished, and all the sketches for my great picture complete, except the Maid of Orleans herself. Now I wish you would change your mind, and sit, or rather stand, to me for Joan, Jennie—I could get on with the thing then."

"'Heaven comfort your capacity,'" Jennie quoted, with a sarcastic smile. "A pretty Maid of Orleans I should make, truly! Besides, you can get your Joan where you get the rest of your 'models.' I have no ambition to be seen in such company. More than that, I am perfectly certain the picture will never bring you as much as you've paid already for the canvas and colors, not to mention the 'models.' If you would stick to your workshop, and make frames for other people's pictures instead of trying to paint, you would do much better—at least, that is my opinion. You had far better be a good carpenter than a bad painter."

"Thanks, my radical little cousin," replied Harry, with lazy good humor; "but 'the way to Arcady' is not through chips and shavings. I pity, but I can hardly blame you for having no artistic taste. Still, you admire my poetry."

"The world is full of poetry. What it wants nowadays is work—real, earnest, useful work. The world has money, honor, and fame to give in return—peace and happiness, too, Harry. Are they not worth trying for?" cried Jennie earnestly.

"Certainly, dear; but one need not dig for them—one need not plough and sow and reap. You would have me travel a stony path to Arcady, Jennie mine."

"All paths are stony to him who has not
'Bound for sandals on his feet
Knowledge and patience.'
You have neither, Harry; and I do not envy you the Arcady to which your 'primrose path of dalliance' will lead. What is the use of your reams of verse and yards of painted canvas? No one will read your poetry or buy your pictures. But I have said too much, for all has been said in vain; and I may as well complete what I came out to say—that I am about to leave the Hall."

"Leave the Hall! What do you mean, Jennie?" cried Harry, in a most unusual tone of excitement. "Where are you going?"

"To London."

"And what on earth are you going to do there? You have no friends or acquaintances."

"I'm going to find 'the way to Arcady,'" replied Jennie, with some approach to her old bright smile. "Let us see who will find it first, cousin—you in the sylvan shades of Arden, letting the moments pass, dawdling in the shade and basking in the sunshine, or I in the crowded streets of London, learning to labor—and perhaps to wait," she added, more sadly. "Anyhow, it's good-bye, Harry—all is over between us; for of course you know I cannot stay on here now, with uncle so ill and everything going to ruin."

"You egotistical little thing! Just as if you could make any difference one way or another!" And Harry Arden laughed heartily as Jennie Melville turned away with a gesture of impatience and walked swiftly toward the house.

The girl was desperately in earnest, and did not like being laughed at; but she fully realized that Harry's good-humored raillery made the step she was about to take all the easier.

Jennie was an orphan; her mother had been Sir Arthur's only sister, and had married a Scotchman, who lost all his fortune in an unlucky speculation. The pecuniary troubles that followed killed him, and his wife did not long survive; so Jennie found a home with her uncle at Arden Hall. She was twelve years old when she first came there, and for ten years she had lived in the quaint ruined old mansion, uncared for, untaught, doing as she pleased without let or hindrance; for Sir Arthur was a real invalid, and Lady Arden an imaginary one. The old housekeeper was the girl's only friend and companion. Teacher, she had none; and yet Jennie Melville had managed to acquire a considerable amount of information on a great variety of subjects. She read the *Times* when it came from Sir Arthur's room, and other newspapers when Freeman, the butler, had done with them. She studied "The Wealth of Nations," and had the politics of the day by heart; she was also a good cook, for much of her time was spent in the kitchen, and she was naturally receptive. She made her own dresses and her aunt's caps, looked after the conservatory, and "lent a hand" generally all over the house wherever she was wanted. Always merry and healthy, and never fancying she was in the least neglected, she went on cheerily for five years. Then her cousin Harry, Sir Arthur's only son, came home from Oxford for some unexplained reason; and, finding time hanging rather heavily on his hands, he gave lessons to his young cousin. The pupil soon got beyond her instructor, for Harry's powers were not of a very high order, and his teaching consisted chiefly of reading his own poetical effusions or making fine-sounding speeches on art and culture. Jennie, however, read and thought, and soon discovered her cousin's shallowness; she learned how utterly superficial were his accomplishments, how contemptible was his want of purpose, and told him so more plainly than politely, perhaps. But he only laughed good-naturedly, and declared he rather liked her little outbursts of temper.

As a matter of course, Harry fell in love with his cousin, for he could not exist without being in love with someone; and, after much reflection, Jennie consented to be his wife conditionally. So they became engaged on her twenty-first birthday, with Sir Arthur's consent and blessing, and Lady Arden's mild approval. Both the Squire and his wife knew that Jennie was just the girl for indolent, easy-tempered Harry, because she was so firm, so earnest, so self-reliant, and had so much common sense. She had no money, certainly; but then she had birth, brains, and beauty, and the Ardens had always been an unmercenary family.

The conditions imposed upon Harry were not very hard; but he had failed to fulfill them; and so, on the eve of her twenty-second birthday, Jennie broke off her engagement, bade him good-bye, and resolved to leave the Hall for ever. She could do no good by staying, and she would not be missed. Matters would take their course, and, when the inevitable end came, there would be one less to be looked after.

Harry, lying under the apple-tree, laughed again at the idea of Jennie's going anywhere or doing anything except what he wished; and it was not till a little note was brought to him the next morning, before he was out of bed, that he realized she was in earnest. In her note she merely said, "Good-bye—I am off by the 9:15 train." Glancing at his watch, Harry saw that it wanted but a quarter to eleven; and, for the first time in his life, he felt a sense of shame at his own indolence.

"I must follow her at once!" he said to himself, with unusual energy; and then he remembered that he could not go to town that day, as Mr. Montagu, the family lawyer, was coming down; besides, he had not the remotest idea whither Jennie was gone, and, without some clue, seeking for her in London would be futile. The only person who could have given him any definite information was the old housekeeper; but her lips were sealed by a promise to Jennie not to give her address to any one without express permission.

* * * * * *

Five years passed by, and Jennie Melville stood by the window of a little sitting-room in a London lodging-house, looking out at the muddy streets and driving rain. It was not by any means a pleasant afternoon to venture out of doors, and the tiny sitting-room looked particularly cosy with its cheery fire and dainty tea-table. Jennie herself was quite in keeping with her surroundings—she was bright, cheery, healthy-looking. The girl was a trifle less slender perhaps, and with a more sedate expression on her face, but otherwise unaltered since she left Arden Hall five years before. She wore a dress of some soft black material, with linen collar and cuffs; her curly dark hair was closely coiled at the back of her head, but no art could conceal its rippling waves in the front; her hands were soft and white; her only ornament was a heavy gold chain which had been her father's.

"Not beautiful, but trustworthy," she said, glancing at her old-fashioned watch. "Ten minutes more and I must be off. I wonder if cousin Harry has found 'the

way to Arcady' yet. What would he say if he knew of my occupation? It's worse even than chips and shavings; but it pays!"—and Jennie glanced round her pretty room with almost childish delight. "It seems so funny to think that all this is mine, and that I have money in the savings-bank, and could drive in a hansom cab instead of trudging through the streets if I liked, and live in Bayswater instead of Bloomsbury, and that I've done it all myself every bit. I'm happier a thousand times than if I were Lady Arden—idle, useless, and in perpetual difficulties;" and she took up a neat visiting card and read aloud—" 'Miss Melville, Instructor in Cookery.' It doesn't sound very imposing, certainly; but it is useful and profitable. It was certainly a happy inspiration of mine!"

Then she took a large white apron and a pair of white sleeves from a drawer, placed them with a neatly written *menu* in a basket, donned a water-proof, and, with a final glance round to see that everything was in order, went out, locking her door, and hurried off to give a lesson in cookery to a young lady living in Cavendish Square.

When Jennie left her home at Arden Hall, she had not quite decided what she should do, and until her plans were formed she lodged with the sister of the old housekeeper at the Hall, who had been a cook, and went out sometimes to assist at great dinners. It was a chance remark of this good woman's—that ladies never knew how to set their own cooks right, or help them if they were in a difficulty—that caused Jennie to think, and the result was that she spent six months with Mrs. Batters, learning cookery in all its details and reading every book she could find on the subject.

Then she wrote to a lady who was well known for her readiness to assist all women in helping themselves, and explained her project; and the result was more satisfactory than she had dared to hope. The lady not only approved of the plan, but became a pupil herself, and learned, for the first time in her life, how properly to boil a potato and cook a mutton-chop.

Altogether, Jennie had done very well; her work was not very hard, and her heart was wholly in it; almost every working hour, was fully occupied, and scarcely a day passed without a new pupil being added to her list. More than once she was advised to start a class, as it would be a saving of time and trouble; but she steadily refused, believing that individual training was the great secret of her success.

Shortly after Jennie had left the Hall, Sir Arthur Arden died, and she learned from the old housekeeper that matters were even worse than she imagined; everything was sold, and Lady Arden, who had but a bare pittance to live upon, went abroad. What became of her cousin Harry she never heard; she never saw his name in the newspapers or magazines, and never heard him spoken of by any of the ladies whom she went among. "Professor" Melville was not always cooking, and she condescended to chat a little on social matters with her fair pupils occasionally. In the course of her work she had made friends with many literary people, but none of them seemed to know anything of Sir Henry Arden.

"I wonder if he has found 'the way to Arcady,' poor fellow?" Jennie repeated, as she hurried along. "How he would despise my poor prosaic path! And yet it's comfortable enough. Poor Harry!"

Five minutes later she was in a large kitchen, with two-slender fair-haired girls in bib-aprons and linen sleeves at her side, instructing them in the mystery of making and tossing pancakes—for it was Shrove Tuesday. Suddenly there was a loud scream from one of the girls, who, in passing the fire, had touched the bars with her dress and in a moment was enveloped in flames. She was rushing from the kitchen screaming wildly when Jennie seized her, threw her on to the floor, and covered her with the heavy kitchen hearth-rug. The flames were out in a very few moments, and the girl, though terribly frightened, was not seriously injured.

The cook sent for a doctor while Jennie examined the burns. They were not serious, only a few which vaseline and cotton-wool would soon set all right; Jennie herself, however, was not so fortunate, for she was badly burned about the face, neck, hands, and one of her arms. She scarcely seemed to notice her injuries till she was convinced that her pupil was out of all danger. Then she proceeded in a very business-like way to dress the burns on her own hands and arms.

Just as Jennie was tying up her arm, the doctor entered the kitchen. For one moment she stared at him almost incredulously, then held out her blistered hands.

"Harry—cousin Harry!" she cried.

"Jennie!" he gasped, in astonishment; and the next moment he had her in his arms and was kissing her. "But how is this?" he inquired. "They said Miss Leslie had met with an accident, and, as Doctor Wilson was out, I came at once, and I find it is my long-lost Jennie!"

"No, no—I am not the real patient; there she is;" and Jennie explained how the accident happened, making light of her own injuries. "But what do you know about burns, Harry?" she cried, suddenly. "You are not a doctor."

"Yes, I am—fully qualified assistant—with a view to partnership—to the great Doctor Wilson," he replied, with a droll smile. "And you, Jennie?"

"Am Miss Melville, Instructor in Cookery," she said, with a curtsey.

"Well, well! So this is how we have found 'the way to Arcady?' "

Six months later, when the partnership was an accomplished fact and Jennie Melville became Lady Arden, they both agreed that it was not such a bad way after all.

CHIQUIRIQUITA.

My name is Chiquiriquita. My home is in Arizona, near the borders of Mexico. My father is an officer in the United States army.

When I was a tiny girl without a name, Senora Martinez, an aged Spanish woman, came to see me. I opened my big black eyes and smiled on her. She murmured "Chiquiriquita," which is the fourth diminutive of chico, small, and means very, very small. My mother called me Chiquiriqnita, then my father adopted the name. Then the garrison people followed their example, and finally I was baptized Chiquiriqnita Belmont.

There were only two Americans except my father and mother whom I cared for. One was old Gen. Ames. I had known him always. He taught me to sketch, and read Spanish and German. He often reproved me for wasting my time.

"I am only a little Spanish girl," I told him, "and love to swing in my hammock, and play on my guitar, and sketch dark-faced children."

The other American I cared for was Dr. Warner, the surgeon of my father's regiment. I also liked the army mules, particularly Jack and Juanita, two gigantic ones. I was fond of John, my pet ostrich, who followed me about everywhere. He was a head taller than I. His feathers were lovely, gray and brown. Michael, my father's servant, put up a hammock for me under some shade trees near the house, and one beside it for John, and we swung and slept in them nearly half the time.

I have spoken of Dr. Warner. What the rainbow is to the dark cloud it spans, what the fountain is to the desert wanderer, what the moon and stars are to the midnight sky, that he became to me. To him—I was only the colonel's little daughter.

One morning I was idly swinging in my hammock, dreaming, when I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and Edith Ames, her beautiful face looking to me like the picture of St. Cecilia in the old church, rode by, accompanied by Dr. Warner. She was a granddaughter of Gen. Ames of the fort, and had come to spend the winter in our southern land with her grandfather.

I felt as though the air grew cold. I threw my arms around John, who was asleep in his hammock beside me, and pulled his feathers so harshly that one soft gray one fell to the ground from my hand.

That afternoon my mother was to give a grand dinner party in honor of some guests at the garrison. When I was a child I had fled from these grand entertainments attended with much ceremony, and visited some of my Mexican friends; but now I enjoyed them, for I was sure to be taken in by my friend, Dr. Warner.

That afternoon Inez, my mother's maid, dressed me with unusual care. I fancied I looked my best in a creamy-white dress with cloth of gold roses, my favorite flowers, for decoration. I had almost forgotten my anguish of the morning.

The guests gathered, and, as I went about from group to group, I fancied that the blue-gray eyes of Dr. Warner followed me with approbation. I was looking forward to the dinner hour, expecting to enjoy my usual pleasant chat with him. Sam's black face seemed that of an angel messenger as he announced dinner. The guests followed my mother to the dining-room. Dr. Warner crossed the long parlor and offered his arm to Miss Ames. I watched them until they disappeared, then I quietly left the room.

No one noticed me. I almost flew over the burning sand. Blue above me was the sky—blue as the eyes I so loved. Cloudless and pitiless shone the sun upon me. Life looked long and limitless as the great desert so near me at that moment and just as desolate.

No one cared for Chiquiriquita!

On, on I went, so wretched and miserable that even a moment's rest seemed impossible, toward the dear old church! As I drew near, to my excited fancy its gray walls seemed like a heavenly city. I could almost hear the three great iron bells in the overhanging roof, silent for over fifty years, ring out clear and soft for the fair Castilian bride of 200 years ago, then chant, deep and low, a requiem for the saintly dead.

I pushed open the huge door, entered the silent church, and threw myself down before the picture of the Madonna. My eyes rested on the face of St. Cecilia, her golden hair floating about her, her beautiful hands sweeping a harp, her eyes turned heavenward. Then I cried out—

"Oh, Edith Ames! why did you come? I was so happy. "Why? Why?"

"Why? Why?" came back to me from the dim rafters.

Exhausted, I fell asleep on the cold stone floor. When I awoke my eyes rested on the agonized face of a martyr, and I thought of the tradition that the penitents of long ago, walked through the cruel prickly pear hedge, just outside the church, and found great comfort in the fact.

I ran outside the church into the dry, hot air. I walked upon a plant with cruel thorns. I clasped one to my breast, where the golden roses hung withered, until my white dress bore marks of its cruel impress.

I was so absorbed in my grief that I did not hear the sound of approaching wheels until a carriage swept around the church. Seated in it was Dr. Warner. He jumped from the carriage and spoke very kindly, never appearing to notice my forlorn aspect, and said:

"I have never been inside this grand old church which you love so dearly. Will you show it to me?"

Like some penitent I led the way. We paused before pictures rare and old, of saints, angels, and martyrs. I averted my face as he looked upon St. Cecilia. Suddenly he asked:

"Why did you leave us so abruptly, and why did I find you walking on those cruel thorns?"

I looked down and said.

"I was playing penitent."

We had paused before the Madonna. There was a tremor in my voice, but I answered almost defiantly:

"You all left me—I wanted to sit next you at the table."

Then my tears fell fast, and I put my small, lace-bordered handkerchief, which I had chosen in the happy hours of preparation for the dinner party, to my eyes.

His voice was kindly, and I felt sure his eyes grew tender as he said:

"Your father and mother were engaged in their duties as host and hostess, and I a few weeks ago received a letter from my old-time friend, Mr. Bell, who in the spring is to marry Miss Ames," (my heart beat joyfully,) "asking me to make her visit here pleasant. You are too impulsive. Your father and mother love you, and I—"

At this moment the church door was pushed open, and on the stone floor was the sound of awkward, uneven steps. They approached quickly. My handkerchief was removed from my eyes. I opened them just in time to see John swallow it. He craned his long neck and brought first one and then the other of his small black eyes to bear on me, then on Dr. Warner, as much as to say: "What is the trouble?" It was so funny that we both laughed.

I was only too glad of an excuse to be merry. I was very happy.

"I had forgotten for a few moments what brought me here," said Dr. Warner. "The Indians are on the war path. About 8 o'clock this evening a party of soldiers are going in pursuit of them. I accompany them."

He led me to the carriage, helped me in, and took a seat beside me. John seated himself beside Michael, and we rode homeward.

Hasty preparations were being made at the garrison when we reached there. At 8 that evening the soldiers, accompanied by their surgeon, left. I had listened attentively as to the route they were to take. When the sound of the retreating horses died away I turned to Nano, a Mexican boy, and said:

"Saddle my two ponies and you and I will have a ride."

Nano joyfully did as I bade him. In half an hour we were riding away. After the heat of the day, how grateful the cool evening! Flowers folded away from the sun, children of the sand, opened their eyes for me. Nano and I rode along in silence.

Through my mind floated many times: "Your father and mother love you, and I—" What did he mean? Was it possible that he loved me? Why had dear old John come just at that moment? Should I ever hear that sentence finished. Then I thought of the cruel, treacherous Indians. In my life on the border lands I had seen many brought home, slain by our dusky neighbors.

The full moon was shining. Nano interrupted my musings by saying that the huge cacti looked like giants, and he could kill one or two with his knife.

The wind, which was blowing from us suddenly veered. I heard distinctly the sound of the horse's hoofs bearing our soldiers. They were quite near, but going from us. I bent my face upon my pony's neck and said a little prayer for their safety, then said to Nano, as I looked at my watch and found it was ten o'clock:

"It is time to return."

As I was wheeling Brownie, my pony, around I grew faint with terror at what I saw. From behind the tall cacti sprang at least a dozen Indians. Like demons they looked in the war-paint and feathers. They had knives and clubs and strange-looking objects dangling from their belts. They dragged Nano from his pony, and then I felt myself torn from Brownie. I had clasped my arms around her neck.

There were a few dry, wretched trees growing out on the sand. They tied Nano to one with strong leather bands. Then they tied me with another. The moon looked coldly down right in my agonized face. The Indians gathered dry twigs and leaves and grass, and laid them about our feet.

After one wild cry Nano was silent. I think he fainted. In the moment of terror when I expected to pass through the dreadful gateway of fire I thought of father and mother, of dear old John, but nearer and dearer still I thought of the blue-gray eyes, dearer than all other eyes.

The Indians, sure of their victims, left us to gather fuel for the sacrifice. "The inconstant moon" never cried out to save us, but "the fickle, fitful wind" came screaming from the desert and cried: "This shall not be." It fanned the pale, dark cheeks of Nano; it caressed my forehead, and gave me a last fond kiss.

I saw an Indian approach with a lighted torch. Then, as if in anger, the wind gave one horrible blast. It tossed my long black hair, which had fallen all about me, away. The moon gave a loving, intense glance. I saw the torch fall from the Indian's hand. I saw the Indians all fall before me on their faces. Then I knew that the wind and moon had shown them the Indian necklace, with its crescent and blazing sun.

I seized my revolver, forgotten until now. I fired, and oh, joy! I heard answering shots and the tramping of horses.

The Indians, as if by magic, had vanished. I was surrounded by friends. The blue-gray eyes looked into mine. I heard the words—

"Chiquiriquita, I love you!"—*Waverly Magazine.*

SEND TO THE

CAGO STEREOTYPE WORKS,

& & 87 FIFTH AVENUE,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,

FOR PLATES OF

LLANY, SERIAL STORIES, DAILY NEWS, &C., &C.,

stablishment in the United States making a specialty of STEREOTYPE PLATES

for newspaper use. Send for

ll The World Over."

Publication, issued by the CHICAGO STEREOTYPE WORKS, devoted

to the interests of Newspaper Publishers.

READ OUR LIST OF SERIALS

T COVER, AND GIVE THEM A TRIAL, AND BE CONVINCED.

[From Millville, N. J., Republican.]

ere induced to try New York plates, but do not like them and propose
o stick to you. We have used a number of your serials, and found them
-ll selected, and free from objectionable features.

.e universal testimony of scores of publishers. And no other class of mat-
fectual in securing new subscribers, or in retaining old ones, as SERIAL
. The cost is about 7 cents per 1000 ems, and the benefits to the publisher
ge.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 029 816 893 5

356